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Looking Forward

THE PICTURE of "America on Wheels," presented in this issue by Miss Frances Warfield, is not overdrawn.

CERTAINLY, what Thornton Wilder in the *Bridge of San Luis Rey* called a possible beneficent intention does not appear very clearly on our motor highways. Good and bad alike seem frequently to be numbered among the victims and the offenders. The man who, on a curve, tries to steal a place ahead in the line, usually kills, along with himself, at least one other quite unoffending motorist.

LOOKING at the whole question as a problem for America to solve, teaching the good manners of the road may possibly be arrived at in time, whether by stricter licensing examinations and penalties or by motor clubs and public education. But, meanwhile, unless something definite is done about it in advance, there will still remain the problem of speed, accident and death—only slightly alleviated as the speed fiends take to the air, and the experienced man going on a long journey buys a railway ticket.

INCREASINGLY, motoring in this country must become simply a reasonably rapid and safe method of getting somewhere: a new pair of shoes for mankind. Thus viewed, two ways of solving the problem present themselves.

First, the engines of all cars may be equipped by law with speed regulators, locked at the factory, making a speed over forty miles an hour an impossibility—and unlawful except in the case of police machines, hospital and doctors' cars. And, second, the country may begin at once to construct or devise one-way highways, roughly paralleling the ones we already have. Both things undertaken now, in advance, might help toward a solution of what, ten years from now, will be a tremendous problem.

MEANWHILE, we shall print in an early issue an article on the present state of our roads which may help us to judge the future by giving some glimpses of the past.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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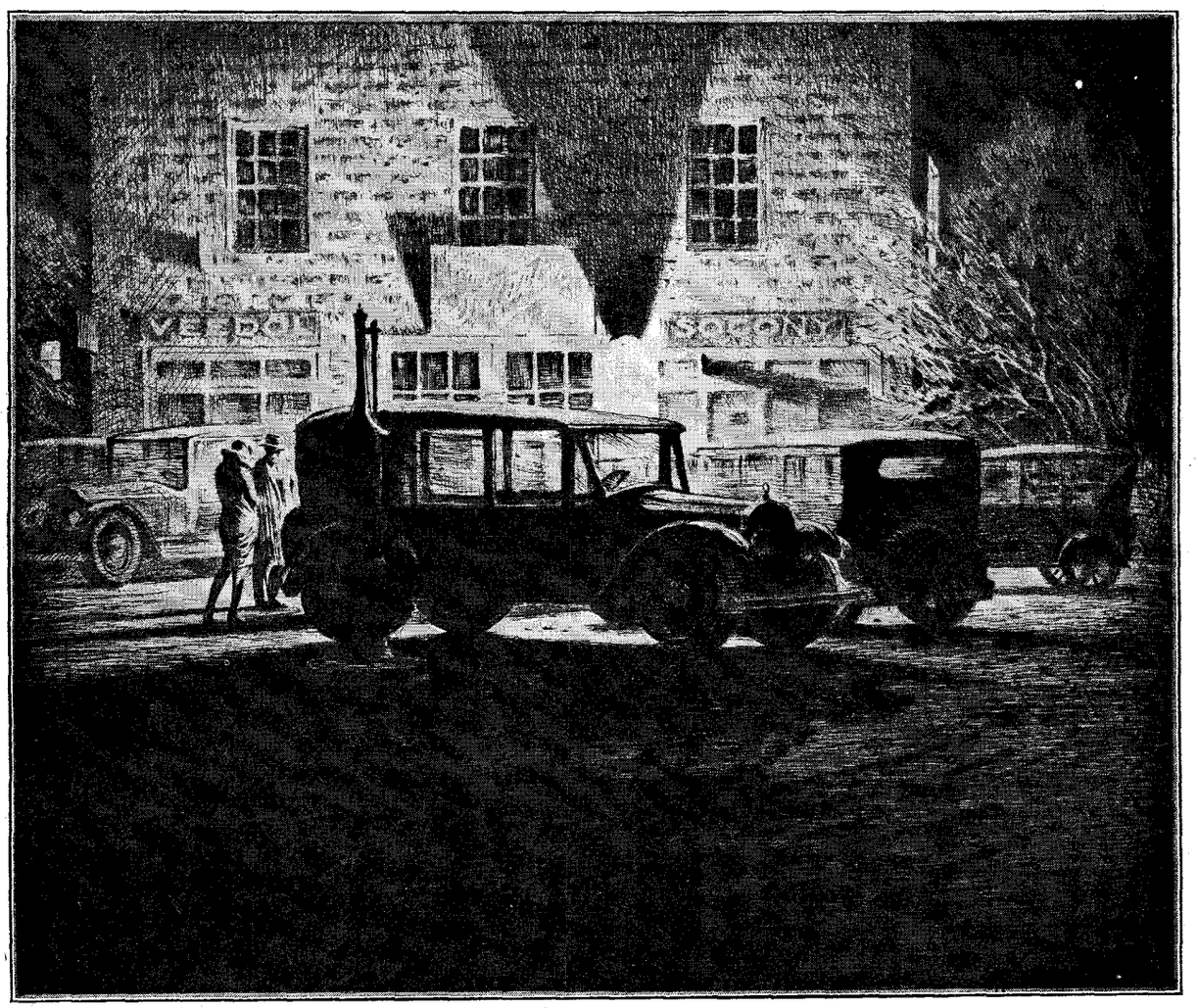

Courtesy of Kennedy & Company

GARAGE AT NIGHT
An etching by Martin Lewis

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Outlook

and Independent

August 14, 1929

America on Wheels

By FRANCES WARFIELD

The philosophy of the open road knows neither honesty nor sportsmanship, good taste nor common sense. America motorized is becoming America bereft of good manners, insensible to decency. Here is presented a picture of the American motorist in action. He cares nothing for his fellow man, nothing for beauty; and he roars along happily at home among the billboards and the hot dog stands. Miss Warfield, who has lived on the Boston Post Road and who is the author of numerous magazine articles, raises the question of the American motorist's sanity

THAT POET who sang: "Let me live in a house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man". . . . let us hope he only rented the house. In that case, after a few months of biting dust, dodging discarded soft-drink bottles and packages of lunch refuse, and enduring the patronage of his old friend, man, he will have eaten his words and fled to the woods. If he bought it, heaven help him as, cotton in his ears, he crouches in a back room behind tight-shut windows until some one responds to his "For Sale" notice.

To live by the roadside today, and not to enter into its "Hot Kofe," "Toasted Franks," "Towing and Wrecking" spirit, is to become a monomaniac on the subject of the motor age. It is to become, in short order, man's enemy.

Last summer I took a house in Connecticut—a house situated about two hundred yards back from the New York-to-Boston State road. The steady hum of cars at first sounded distant enough and not unpleasant—but what an unbelievably steady hum it was! Before I had been there a week, I had reached the stage where I interrupted conversation to exclaim, "Look—the cars. They never stop. Isn't it incredible?"

There was, almost literally, never a moment in the day when a car was not passing in one direction or the other. As for Sundays and holidays—before I had been there a month, the brief, infrequent, and positively audible lulls in the procession wrung from me the exclamation, "Look—there are no cars. Incredible!"

I did not have a pleasant summer. I had an edifying one instead. I mastered the new philosophy of the open road. I learned that it takes into account neither honesty nor good taste, neither sportsmanship nor common sense. I learned that motorized America is cruel and careless, reckless and indifferent. I learned that the prevailing attitude is one of the survival of the fittest emergency brakes and the devil take the other fellow's life and property. I learned, in short, to live in a house as far as possible from the side of the road.

FIRST the blow-outs. In daylight, the procedure was something like this: The lame car would limp from the highway onto my front yard, making deep, fresh ruts in the lawn. Papa would get out, throw off his coat, scatter his tools, and prepare to jack up the wheels. Next, Mama, Junior, and the girls would dispose themselves comfortably under the trees. But not for long. The girls would discover my pasture and set off for bouquets of daisies and Queen Anne's lace. Wild flowers: therefore free. Thus emboldened they would look desirously at my gladioli. No one was watching; a few, up near the road, wouldn't be missed; they were dusty, anyhow, not much good.

Junior would discover my dog—what a grand opportunity for a romp! Mama, a stout woman in a cotton dress, would bear down, to chide her son for playing too rough. She would inspect the vegetable garden and offer to buy a few beans at half the price of the city markets, intimating that she, herself, had no earthly use for beans but would be glad to help me out. If I refused, she would stay to chat. If I agreed, on condition that she pick the beans herself, she would eye me suspiciously and stay to chat. If I indicated that my time was not at her disposal, she would stay to chat anyway. On plain, homely topics which I, a simple rustic, would be able to understand. On the weather. On the country. She, herself, did not like the country; the sound of frogs gave her the blues. On modern methods for canning fruit and vegetables. Much easier, of course, in the city, where you have every convenience to work with. She would ask for a drink of water and take the opportunity to examine and discuss the inside of my house. She would scold Junior for chasing the chickens. What did I get for them a pound?

An after-dark blow-out was different. Papa would drive onto the lawn, turning so that his headlights would shine into my windows. Thereupon, he and the other occupants would alight, exclaim at the flat tire, and wake me up by clattering tools and talking at the tops of their voices. Possibly, regardless of the hour, Papa would rap at the door. How far to the nearest garage? Did I have a telephone? Might he use it? Did I know the number? He might or might not offer to pay toll charges.

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Did I know anything about the roadhouse up ahead? Could you get anything to drink?

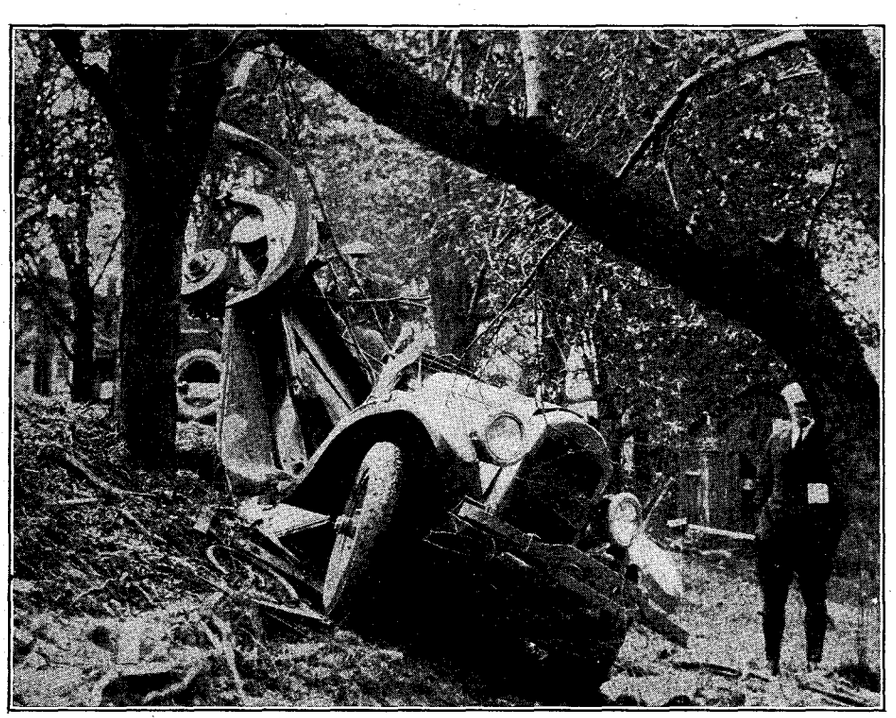
We had not lived long by the roadside before we heard the screeching brakes, crashing glass, and cries of pain and alarm that were to become so familiar.

It was two in the morning. Remembering the demands put upon us by minor mishaps, we got up and dressed, mentally reviewing the first-aid cabinet, waiting to receive the injured, perhaps the dead. Nothing happened. From the window, we had excellent opportunity to study the brisk and efficient organization motordom has developed to deal with serious accidents.

The first few cars to come along pull up, not so much out of sympathy, I discovered, as out of curiosity, excitement, and the desire to superintend things. One car speeds on immediately to notify the police in the nearest town, stopping on the way to send back the wrecker from the nearest garage. Another may carry off the victims to a doctor or a hospital. Occupants of still other cars, coats off, voices loud and authoritative, take charge. The wrecked cars are pushed aside.

Some one, flashlight in hand, keeps traffic moving, slowly, with every one craning his neck, leaning out to see what has happened. Pleasure cars, lumbering trucks with sleepy, case-hardened drivers, huge automobile carriers with five or more ingeniously-piled cars on the way from the factory. (Most trucks and carriers travel by night, when traffic is lightest; in fact, their lights and their steady rumbling and rattle made it impossible for us to use our sleeping-porch.) Always the shout is the same—"Anybody hurt?" If the answer is "No," and if aid already has been summoned, the passing motorists go on, never giving the matter a second thought. If the answer is, "Yes," it makes hardly more difference. "Man and woman killed. Hunh! Cutting in, probably."

We were never disturbed by a serious accident. Garages that specialize in, and make fat profits from, the removal of wreckage stand at intervals along these and all other well-traveled highways, sniffing for the scent of burning brakes. When their time comes to pounce, they do their work promptly and thoroughly. The morning after an accident, scarcely a trace would be visible on our stretch of road. A pattern of glass fragments, perhaps, a tree splintered, a telephone pole dangling by the wires, a mail-box knocked down. Perhaps a car would have skidded into the cornfield, levelling the first half dozen rows. If this happened, there might be a man's battered straw hat among the cornstalks, a dented thermos bottle, a box of half-eaten lunch—which we could have by way of settlement.



Underwood

Motor Carnage

Telephone poles, one thrifty neighbor instructed me, make first-rate fire-wood. He cut down his fuel bills considerably by toting home poles that were knocked down on his property. He had to put up a new post for his mailbox at least once a season, he said, so he thought he had a right to the poles. He counted on at least one accident a month; more, usually, in the summer.

He was a firm man, a Connecticut Yankee. He had bought his land when the State road was only a path, and it had doubled, redoubled and doubled again in value. He could have sold it and lived the rest of his days in quiet luxury, but he wouldn't. He expected to see it go still higher.

Besides, he hated motorists and enjoyed hating them. He'd planted nothing but sour-apple trees in the part of his orchard nearest the road, so auto-riding thieves wouldn't come stealing fruit a second time, blast them. He'd gotten so tired having people cut out into his yard to pass other cars that he had dragged a big stone up onto the driveway. Let them hit that; teach 'em a lesson. He liked to chase picnic parties from his part of the lake, to pretend he didn't know directions when he was asked for them, to cuss out reckless drivers, to dwell on the number and kinds of accidents he had witnessed; he liked going up next morning to see what he could salvage.

With no little satisfaction, he pointed out to me a report, printed in the newspapers by the State Motor Vehicle Commission, showing that in a single year automobiles caused, in Connecticut, 26,832 accidents, 11,979 injuries, $2,763,341 worth of property damage, and 356 deaths. In one State alone. Yet who is there, even among those who speak seriously of the toll of the Great War, who protest against the number of deaths caused by airplane accidents, or who are actively indignant at a slip in pure food or public health regulations, who is not bored at reading the figures?

Perhaps I am over emphatic. It is obvious, I suppose, that I speak as an outsider. Having never learned to drive a car, I am hardly motor-conscious. Having never owned one, I am undoubtedly out of step with the six-cylinder age. Having always lived in the city, until last summer, I had been able to make out very comfortably with taxis and trains. More to the point, I could not afford a car. But last summer I learned that being able to afford it has

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nothing to do with owning one. I learned that to admit not having a car is to brand oneself as poor white trash and plumb crazy to boot.

Standing by the road, sheepishly waiting for the bus which took me to town to buy my provisions, and trying my utmost, I confess, to do an impersonation of one whose own car was but temporarily out of repair, I used to watch the motorists sizz-droning past me in an unbroken line. They were not wealthy people. They were not even comfortably well-off, the majority of them, be their cars ever so shiny and their motors ever so smooth. An overwhelmingly large proportion of them plainly could not live up to the expensive sedans they rode in; they looked drolly out of place against the luxurious upholstery.

Their clothing and appearance indicated that they came from clapboard country houses or match-box city apartments where good food was none too plentiful. Yet they considered an automobile a necessity. Indeed, I was speedily made to understand that in the country it is a necessity. I lived only two miles from town, on an excellent State road, yet there was not a tradesman who would deliver meat, groceries, or any of the barest essentials. The cash and carry store, in that town, had forced the delivery wagon out of business. Housewives would rather take the car and shop where cash purchases spell lower prices. I pleaded with a dealer who was but a mile away to deliver ice to me; I would have paid twice the regular price to get it. He couldn't be bothered. Everybody came and got his own around there. I said I had no car. Then what the hell, his tone inquired, did a person of my sort want with ice anyway?

If many motorists cannot afford their cars, more, I learned from the hard-boiled driver of the large inter-city bus that took me to and from town, cannot handle them. If I was indignant over motor carnage, here was a person obsessed by the subject.

"There's not one out of twenty-five driving a car today that knows what they're doing," he said. "Look at that, now, and watch—cutting in there. A woman; mighta known it. That's nothing. You ought to see 'em on Sundays. I tell you, lady, I'm not religious, but it's got so I pray for rain on Sunday."

He allowed me to overlook neither accidents nor traces of accidents. I saw collisions between two, three, and, once even four cars. I noted the patched and broken places in fences along the highway; cars had crashed into them. I heeded all fresh, zigzag ruts tracks of the wreckers. I became aware of the mangled condition of cars piled in auto dumps, those hideous and numerous blotches along much-traveled roads. The only present-day courtesy of the open road of which I learned is that which exists between long-distance bus and truck drivers; they hail each other by flashing their headlights. More, they pull over when lights flash in their mirrors so that the bus or truck behind may pass. Their fraternity rests on the fact that, together with professional chauffeurs, they know exactly what they are doing. Here they seem to me almost unique in motordom.

Psychologists have not been slow to discover that the chief attractions of motoring are the pleasurable sensations of continuous riding and the feeling of superiority over pedestrians. This, added to the circumstance that many families' cars are more comfortable than their living-rooms, must account for the popularity of "just riding": for there can hardly be an idealist left who believes that on Sundays and holidays, when America rides out, it does so primarily either for love of scenery or for the purpose of reaching some destination. This also must account for the fact that, once the average American steps on the gas and is off, he sheds every trace of ordinary good manners.

Ewing Galloway

Auto Graveyard

If you've finished your banana, all right; toss the peel out along side the road—not one can stop you. If you're done with the Sunday paper—here goes! That empty gin bottle—smash it against that rock. If we're young and feeling particularly festive, let's see how close we can cut in toward that fruit stand without hitting it. No; there's a woman walking further along—let's give her a scare.

This may sound wildly exaggerated. It isn't. My cook, walking along the road toward the house last summer, was so nearly hit by an automobile that the wheels brushed her skirt. Indeed, the two boys and a girl in the car stopped and backed up to see whether she was hurt. They had been trying to see how close they could come to her, they explained, without hitting her. No, they were not drunk.

Lo, the poor pedestrian. The vanishing American. He gets his ankles spattered in wet weather; in dry weather he cannot open his eyes for dust. Wet or dry weather, he has his nerves and his dignity shattered. Motorists either snoot at him or whoop at him; nowadays they seldom offer him a lift. On the Fourth of July they amuse themselves by popping at him with toy pistols, hoping to see him jump. Even country dogs, which not so long ago barked at passing cars, now save their barks for passing pedestrians. Walking, once the country dweller's

(Please Turn to Page 631)

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Mammoth Stores, Preferred

By EDWARD F. ROBERTS

The investor who grows fascinated by department and chain store security offerings may fail to draw the distinction between volume of sales and profits. The point of view here expressed is that merchandising is a lost art in many a huge store—with the result that net profits are dropping. Mr. Roberts is a former editor of the "Dry Goods Economist"

DEPARTMENT STORE groups and chain store organizations appear to exercise an irresistible fascination for the investor, and there is a widespread belief that the profits from retailing are so great that any one who can secure a share in them is on the high road to wealth. Unhappily, the facts are contrary to this belief; while some department and chain store securities are thoroughly sound, a greater number are nothing of the kind. Retailing is a highly precarious business and the department store branch in particular is today in an uneasy position.

The belief that retailers make extraordinary profits is reinforced undoubtedly by the fact that in any town or city the department stores are the most imposing commercial structures and, especially in the smaller towns, dominate their surroundings. It seems impossible not to associate wealth with the owners of these imposing bazaars; and when it is announced that a number of these institutions have been linked together and that great economies in buying and operation are about to be effected, there is little difficulty in arousing enthusiasm among the investors. As a matter of fact, such announcements may mean that embarrassed department store owners are seeking a cyclone cellar rather than that individually prosperous concerns are being linked together for greater profits.

A typical example of the method of procedure was afforded recently when the daily newspapers were flooded with clever promotional matter regarding a projected chain of department stores which was to have a billion-dollar volume of business and was to rival the United States Steel Corporation as the country's greatest single business enterprise. The newspapers were more generous in their reception of this story. The term "department store" always has a mesmeric effect on a newspaper editor. The propaganda went on over a period of months with very little detail offered, but with repeated emphasis on that magic phrase "a billion dollars." Then the mountain labored and brought forth the traditional mouse. The actual formation of the chain was announced, but instead of a national organization with the hundred or more stores, which would be necessary to produce a billion dollar volume, the chain consisted of a dozen or so stores with about one-tenth of that volume. Moreover the scattered units of the organization had almost nothing in common except that they all sold merchandise. The most superficial knowledge of business should satisfy any man that the success of a chain requires that each link compare with any other link in character of trade and methods of operations.

I WOULD LIKE to revert for a moment to that word "volume." A store or chain which wants to market a stock issue must be prepared to quote a big "volume" figure. It will so overshadow the small quotation representing "net profit" that the latter will get scant attention. Promoters reckon confidently and rightly that a balance sheet is a mystery to the average citizen and that he cannot conceive that a firm might do a billion-dollar business and still have to pass its dividends. This fact has brought about a race for volume among the department stores of the country which threatens the whole great industry. Thoughtful department store executives and controllers have voiced a similar warning repeatedly, but so far there is little indication that the warnings have been heeded. The trouble is that control of the big retail institutions has passed in large measure out of the hands of practical merchants and is held today by financiers who may be experts in preparing prospectuses and balance sheets, but who know little or nothing about the complicated technique of merchandising. There are no longer any Marshall Fields or John Wanamakers in America and even in the chain store industry there are few outstanding names. Woolworth is gone and Penney has practically retired.

The grave dangers which confront the whole business of retailing were pointed out by more than one speaker at the annual convention this year of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, an organization which includes in its membership most of the important department stores of the country. In particular, Professor Paul Nystrom, of Columbia University, one of the foremost authorities in the country on merchandising, said:

"In the past five years net profits in the larger department stores have declined nearly one-half and in the smaller stores still more, while expenses of doing business have increased over ten per cent. . . . Stock market prices have recently capitalized retail earnings of some concerns for many years to come and it looks as if the landlord was going to be in on the ground floor for his, too. Both stock market speculators and landlords evidently believe that department store expansion will continue upward indefinitely in the future as it has in the past."

The amazing thing about present department store management is the apparent belief that volume can continue to grow indefinitely despite the rate of increase of population or the consuming power of the public. Between 1919 and 1923, there was a boom in the retail business, which represented an average yearly gain in volume of ten per cent for department stores as a whole. Department store owners have decided, seemingly, that an annual ten per cent gain is therefore normal and that any year which does not show that gain calls for a firing of executives and a general shake-up in their organizations. They pursue this policy in the face of Federal Reserve figures which show that since 1923 department store volume has shown an average gain of only about 1.5 per cent, or exactly the present rate of growth of population in the United States. Of course, some exceptional stores, such as Macy's of New York and J. L. Hudson of Detroit, show volume increases far above the average, but this does not affect the general situation. A truer picture than can be obtained by considering the exceptional store is offered by an analysis made by Professor Nystrom of the net sales and net incomes of fifteen department store organizations, including more than forty units scattered all over the United States

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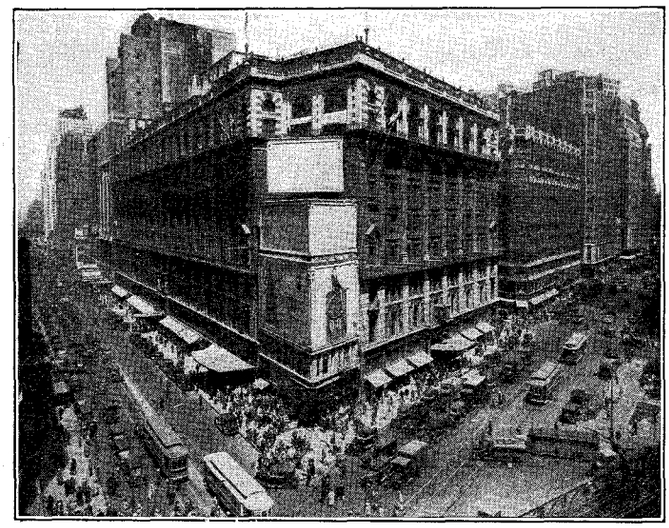
and including both Macy's, the great Newark store of L. Bamberger, and the big western group which operates under the name of the May Stores. The volume of these forty stores showed an average gain during the last five years of 4 per cent, but net income declined in the same period, in relation to net sales, from 6.4 per cent to 4.4 per cent. Furthermore, as Dr. Nystrom points out, the decline in the percentage of net income to net sales during the last five years has been progressively downward. He comments:

"The recent boom of stock speculation in department stores securities has not helped to lighten the pressure placed upon operating organizations. The new investors, bankers and speculators have quite light-heartedly and enthusiastically applied the screws to produce more sales and net profits.".

The light-hearted application of the screws to which Professor Nystrom refers has produced in many cases the increased volume but it has quite failed to produce the much more desirable increase in net profits. The decline in department store earnings has been so consistent and so alarming that another eminent merchandising authority foresees their complete extinction in the near future. B. Earl Puckett, chairman of the Controllers Congress of the National Retail Dry Goods Association and treasurer of the great Brooklyn department store of Loeser & Company, recently predicted that if the present decline in profits and increase in expenses in the department store field was not checked, the stores would be operating at a 2.5 net loss in 1935.

It is little wonder that in the face of these conditions something not far from panic has seized some department store owners, nor that they should choose the easiest way out by unloading on the careless and ignorant speculating public. Scarcely a day passes that the trade press does not carry the news of one or more new mergers or combinations, to be followed in due course with the floating of another stock issue. The extraordinary feature of most of these enterprises is the method by which the amount of capitalization is reached. If a department store has shown an average increase in volume over a period of the last five years of ten per cent and an average net profit of five per cent, it is calmly assumed that the ten per cent increase in volume will be maintained for the next five or even ten years and that profits will be maintained in the same ratio. The capitalization is fixed, therefore, on the basis of anticipated earnings which all the evidence in the case shows can never be realized.

The situation with regard to the chain stores is somewhat different. As a whole, the chains are unquestionably in a stronger financial position than their older competitors and their earnings are substantially higher. Most of them are still sound investments for investors—not speculators. Those people who are dazzled by the extraordinary growth of the chains in the last decade and the wealth which rewarded their early backers should consider two stubborn facts before they conclude that that record is going to be duplicated in the future. In the first place, competent observers are convinced that the great era of chain expansion has ended and that future developments will be along much slower and more conservative lines. Men like Earl Sams, president of the huge J. C. Penney chain, and W. T. Grant, founder of the chain which bears his name, are agreed that the mushroom-like growth which attended their own organizations and their contemporaries, such as Woolworth, Kresge, the A. & P., can never be duplicated. Even a superficial knowledge of conditions in the distribution industry will confirm that prediction. In almost every city and town in the country, competitive chain stores elbow each other in a battle for trade in which it seems impossible that there can be any winner. Recently I counted eleven chain stores in the space of a single block in Charlotte, North Carolina, and on another occasion found nine similar stores standing in a row in Louisville, Kentucky. In a large measure the fight for trade has ceased to be between the independent and the chain and is a war among the chains themselves. The independents complain bitterly that the internecine warfare has boosted real estate values to outrageous heights, but they overlook the fact that the cost of the war rests even more heavily on the contestants than on the bystanders. The chains won their early profits by reducing service to a minimum. "Cash and Carry" was their motto, but today they are being forced more and more into offering the same services as the independents. Even Woolworth has felt compelled to offer a limited delivery service, and the credit customer will soon be listed among the chain's liabilities.



Ewing Galloway

MACY'S IN NEW YORK

A store where merchandising is still known

The second fact for investors to study is more or less a natural corollary to the first. Chain net profits are on the down grade. The speculator who gets his information from the newspapers will find it difficult to believe this as he recalls the paragraphs which appear with almost monotonous frequency announcing impressive growth in sales of this chain or that. It is the same story as that of the volume figures for the department stores, in that increase in sales has no necessary relationship to increase in net profits. But there is an important distinction with respect to chain statistics: rarely, if ever, do the statements regarding growing sales also offer information with respect to new stores. It is obvious that when additional units are added to a chain the total sales volume will rise; but that proves nothing with regard to earnings. With few exceptions, the chains have shown progressively smaller net profits during the last five years and there is no reason to suppose that that condition will be reversed in years to come. But I believe that the well-established chains represent a sound investment, if no longer an easy road to wealth.

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Germany's "Blue Ribbon"

What It Means

By T. R. YBARRA

ONE day last month the giant liner Bremen, of the North German Lloyd, steamed into New York harbor on her maiden voyage, amid the piercing notes of sirens and the rousing sound of cheers, having just broken the speed record from Europe to America and thus wrested the "blue ribbon of the Atlantic" from the great Cunarder Mauretania, which had held it for a score of years. Most of New Yorkers who saw the Bremen on her day of triumph merely saw another palatial steamship placed at the disposal of the luxurious travelers of these days; most of those who cheered her merely cheered another ocean greyhound, destined to live her short day in transatlantic speed annals until worsted by some speedier rival.

But there is far more than that behind the Bremen and her achievement.

The new German giant, with her displacement of 46,000 tons, serves to proclaim to the world that the Germans, eliminated from the transatlantic trade as a result of their defeat in the World War, are back in the game of building big passenger ships, at which they excelled before those fateful midsummer days of exactly fifteen years ago put an end to all thoughts of peaceful travel. What is more, they are back in the game of building swift ships; by her achievement on her maiden trip the Bremen, as spokesman for Germany, has thrown down the gauntlet to Great Britain, the previous record-holder, and to the United States, France, and Italy, Germany's other great rivals in the Atlantic passenger trade.

Already these nations have accepted the challenge. In British shipyards work has begun on new liners, which, Britons confidently expect, will bring the "blue ribbon" lost by the Mauretania back to their native land. In this country, too, swift passenger steamers are in course of construction; and in France and Italy plans are maturing for the building of liners which, it is predicted, will surpass the Ile-de-France and Augustus in magnificence and speed. Meanwhile, however, Atlantic honors are with the Germans.

To grasp what this means it will suffice to glance back a few years.

As a result of the War, Germany lost every one of the gigantic steamships by means of which she had broken all records for size in ocean shipping. The Vaterland, of 56,000 tons, seized in New York, became the Leviathan and substituted the Stars and Stripes for the flag of Germany. The Imperator, of 52,000 tons, was taken from Hamburg by the Allies and became the British ship Berengaria. Another enormous German ship, of 56,000 tons, still unfinished, was also transferred to the Allies and, having been finished by the Germans, became the Majestic, of the White Star Line of Great Britain.

INSTEAD OF a formidable rival of Britain as leader in shipping tonnage, Germany, as a result of the Treaty of Versailles, found herself, literally, swept from the seas. The Hamburg-America Company, which, at the outbreak of the War with its 1,400,000 tons of shipping, was the largest shipping concern in the world, was without a vessel capable of putting to sea. The North German Lloyd, the second largest German shipping concern, which, in 1914, owned 1,000,000 tons, suffered a similar appalling blow. It looked as if both these companies, as well as every other one in the German shipping industry, had been crushed beyond all hope of recovery. In 1920, a year after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, the only vessel flying the ensign of the North German Lloyd was a little steamer of less than 800 tons, plying between the German mainland and a bathing resort on an island a few miles away!

Before the War, nothing gave Germans keener joy than to boast about their great port of Hamburg, nothing delighted Hamburgers more than to show foreigners over their splendid harbor, alive with ships; over their great docks and their mammoth shipyards, filled with ear-splitting din of hammering and riveting. Each outburst of admiration from a visitor's lips filled Hamburgers with bliss. And it was the same in Bremen, which, though not in a class with Hamburg, was a port of bustle and importance, becoming every year a more formidable rival of the great harbors of other European countries.

The result of the War brought to an abrupt close the boasts of Hamburgers and Bremeners. Instead of din and prosperity there was nothing in Hamburg and Bremen but stagnation. Their once busy water fronts, where sailors from every part of the world used to royster, were deserted; piers and docks and shipyards rotted in silence.

But, ever since the Treaty of Versailles, Hamburg and Bremen and all other German ports have been working grimly to "come back." At the end of 1922, three years after Versailles, Germany had managed to provide herself with an ocean-going shipping aggregating one-third of her pre-War total. Two years later, she had half her pre-War tonnage; according to the latest available statistics she now is within a very short distance of equaling it. From nothing at all in the way of ocean tonnage in 1920, she has raised her ocean-going fleet to well beyond the 4,000,000 mark, as against somewhat more than 5,000,000 tons when the War began.

The North German Lloyd, reduced in 1920 to operating the aforementioned 800-ton midget for the convenience of sea bathers, astonished the world a few years later by placing the splendid Columbus in the passenger service between Europe and America. And now the same company comes along with the Bremen, surpassed in tonnage by only three ships—equaled by only two others—surpassing in speed every ship afloat!

Simultaneously the Hamburg-America Line, which, within these last few years, has also been actively launching new ships—though not of such size and speed as those of her German rival—is putting into several of its steamers more powerful boilers, in order to clip a day or more from their crossing time.

In a word, the Germans are back in the transatlantic shipping game with a vengeance—they who, a short ten years ago, were as good as eliminated from it. That is the real significance of the record-breaking maiden trip of the giant Bremen from Europe to New York. It certainly provides food for thought to every one of Germany's competitors on the Atlantic!

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Safe Makers and Safe Breakers

By JACK GREY

Jimmy Valentine was a myth; safes cannot be opened by intelligent crooks with sand-papered fingers. But the war between the safe manufacturers and the bank robbers has been waged since 1865, and brains and ingenuity have played their part on each side

THE battle between the safe makers and the safe breakers started practically with the robbery of the Concord, Massachusetts, National Bank on September 25, 1865. There had been other safe robberies before that time, but this was the first big bank robbery that occurred. The man who planned and executed the Concord job was Langdon W. Moore, one of the cleverest cracksmen that ever carried a "jimmie."

The cracksmen of that period were a resourceful gang of criminals. They were artists in a sense. Burglarizing a bank in those early days was a task that demanded brains of a sort, cunning, and the patience of a saint. Powerful explosives such as nitroglycerine and dynamite were unknown when Mr. Moore put the Concord Bank on the bum. The "pete man" had to be a mechanic. He had to make his own tools, and the type of tools varied as the type of safes varied. The old time cracksman frequently bought safes and dissected them for the purpose of mastering their construction and learning their weak spots.

Powder was the only explosive that could be obtained during Moore's time, but few cracksmen knew how to use it. Most of them preferred to rob banks on the quiet; minus the noise of explosions which frequently aroused light sleepers in the vicinity of the bank and interrupted the robbery. No explosives were used on the Concord Bank robbery. Moore robbed that bank by making skeleton keys which opened the vault and safe. He spent six months on the job. The "burglar-proof vault and safe" was locked with six different locks, all of which interlocked, and no two were identical. Every night for six months Moore and his pal Harry Howard entered the bank after midnight and worked for hours at a time, fitting and refitting skeleton keys to the safe and vault.

They encountered trouble when they tried to make keys that would open the "burglar-proof box" on the inside of the safe. The safe and vault doors had been a comparatively easy job, but the "burglar-proof box" in which the funds of the bank reposed was something else. After five months' work, during which time they took over a hundred impressions and made over a hundred skeleton keys, they were about to admit defeat when the unexpected occurred. Moore had learned the identity of the cashier who carried the keys which opened the safe and vault. One afternoon he followed the cashier from the bank to his home. The next morning when the cashier arrived at the bank to open up for business Moore followed him into the bank and requested change for a hundred-dollar bill. He watched the cashier closely as he opened the safe and vault. And then Moore made a discovery which no doubt thrilled him from head to feet. He had observed that the cashier carried the keys with which he unlocked the vault door and the safe door in his pocket, but when he got ready to unlock the "burglar box" on the inside of the safe he saw him reach over to a shelf on the left side of the vault for the key that unlocked the compartment in which all the bank funds reposed!

WHEN the cashier locked up the bank and went home for lunch that day Moore entered the bank with his skeleton keys, locking all doors behind him. With the keys which he and Howard had already fashioned, he quickly opened the vault and safe. Once inside the vault, he instituted a hurried search of the shelves on the left side. He found the precious key to the "burglar box." He took out $310,000 in cash and negotiable securities. He locked the safe and vault and all the doors as he went out of the bank to join his pal Howard, who waited down the street for him with a team of fast horses and a carriage in which they escaped to Moore's farm fifty miles away.

The news of this daring and skilfully executed robbery spread all over the United States rapidly. There was great alarm among the bankers when they heard that the "burglar-proof" safe and vault of the Concord Bank had been plundered. Depositors became more or less apprehensive over the security of their deposits. The safe and vault makers realized at once that the key-locking safe and vault was no longer burglar-proof and that a much more intricate looking device had to be prepared, otherwise bank robberies like the Concord one would become common occurrences. Possibly they thought that a series of such robberies might very easily destroy the depositors' faith in the ability of banks to safeguard their funds. It was a situation which demanded immediate relief.

The safe makers lost no time in getting to work and within a short time after the Concord robbery they announced that they had worked out a combination-locked safe which couldn't be opened with keys of any kind. This, they thought, solved the problem and stopped the cracksmen. True enough, the combination-locked safe did baffle the safe cracker, for a time. Langdon W. Moore and the rest of the fancy thinkers who had been robbing banks with keys, roamed the country far and wide looking for banks with key locking safes and vaults and passing up those places in which the combination-locked safe and vault reposed. But every time they plundered a bank that had the key-locking safe and vault they were brought so much nearer to the day when they would have to resort to new methods or reform, because the robbed bank replaced the key lockers with combination-locked safes and vaults. Eventually all the key locking safes and vaults disappeared and bank burglaries at night fell off. The safe makers had triumphed. There was peace among the bankers. In the crime world there was a weeping and a wailing and a gnashing of teeth. But only for the time being. The criminal foiled in one line of crime turns to another. If the police could be persuaded to recognize this all important fact and plan accordingly, there wouldn't be so much crime. It is quite possible to anticipate the criminal if you study him.

Thus, when the combination-locked safe and vault put an end, temporarily, to bank burglary, the cracksman turned hold-up man. "Masked burglaries" became the vogue. They began to attack banks at night through the medium of helpless and unprotected bank em-

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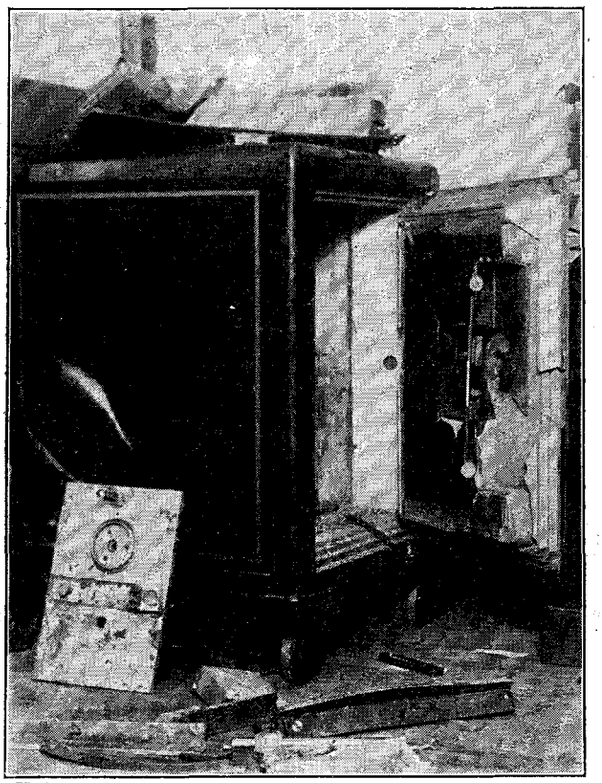
ployees. The combination-locked safe and vault had eradicated one form of crime only to set up another. This new method of attack was alarmingly prevalent between 1867 and 1875. More than one loyal and courageous bank employee forfeited his life to his trust.

The "masked burglar" operated in the following manner: When the gang of four desperadoes arrived in town, two of its members were assigned to the task of learning the identity of the bank employee who carried the combination of the safe and vault. This information was obtained either by appearing at the bank in the morning when the vault was opened or at night when the bank closed. Then the man carrying the combination was followed to his residence. Later on in the night they would find out what room in the house he occupied. They took nothing for granted when they entered the new line of crime; they still had a meticulous regard for details. The victim's home was entered some time after midnight. Immediately the masked burglars began to terrorize him and his family. If he protested that he didn't know the combination of the vault and safe, they politely informed him that they had seen him open and lock the vault and safe many, many times. If he continued to protest that he didn't know the combination, he was threatened with tortures, among which was the burning of his feet with the aid of a lamp. And on occasion this barbaric cruelty actually was used to make a stubborn bank employee divulge the combination. Very few bank employees dared to resist these masked thugs. It was not long before the family and friends of all bank officials and bank employees were living in a state of fear and apprehension. Here, indeed, was another situation which called for immediate relief.

The safe and vault makers realized that they, more than anybody else, were responsible for the advent of the masked burglar, with his cowardly and terrorizing tactics. They saw at once that something had to be done to make his methods useless. And in doing this very thing they were, probably, very much concerned with eventualities. No doubt they recognized the importance and necessity of finding a remedy which would not entail consequences of the kind that followed the use of the combination lock. That product of their genius, as you have seen, brought the masked burglar; now they had to devise something which would eliminate him.

The inventor of the best locks that the banking world of this country has ever known now came to the rescue. His name was James Sargent, subsequently of the firm of Sargent and Greenleaf, of Rochester, New York. Mr. Sargent's invention, a complete time and combination-lock in one case, was the thing that put the masked burglar out of business—when the bankers accepted it! The bankers of the United States did not show much enthusiasm when Mr. Sargent introduced his invention to them. Many of them openly ridiculed it. They were skeptical about adopting a time-lock which predetermined the moment of unlocking their safes and vaults, even though it might eradicate attacks upon their employees by masked burglars.



Underwood

A small safe after a visit from Yeags

"It's fine in theory and design and eminently adapted to the object you have in view," one expert declared to Mr. Sargent, "but I seriously doubt that bankers can be induced to accept it."

Mr. Sargent had to institute a vigorous educational campaign among the bankers. He protested that the time-lock was indispensable and that it would not only put an end to the masked burglar but would also make safe burglaries more difficult than ever The experts and bankers finally saw the light; immediately thereafter attacks upon bank employees in their homes began to decrease and continued to decrease until eventually the masked burglar became a thing of the past.

Then the masked burglar went back to master the combination safe. He learned how to use drills and powder. But drills were not widely used until the arrival of what cracksmen termed the "back-locking pete," or the safe in which the combination lock-box was situated behind the last sheeting in the door. The front-lock safe, in which the combination lock-box was behind the first sheeting in the door, preceded the back-lock safe and could be opened with no more energy or brains than one would require to steal a lollipop from an infant. The back-lock safe was designed for the purpose of making safe-blowing with drills more difficult, but the cracksmen met the advance by having extensions put on their drills.

Let it be known that there were no Jimmy Valentines in those days nor in any other days. That fancy thinker with the sand-papered paws never existed. No burglar that I've ever known was able to manipulate combinations by sand-papering his dirty paws. Safes cannot be opened that way.

The safe burglars led the safe makers a merry chase for a few years. Although bank burglaries had declined, the robbery of safes in post offices, railroad stations, express offices and stores increased tremendously. The bank burglar was almost extinct because the banks with their time-locking devices and their steel safes were practically impregnable. They couldn't be drilled and they were so compactly put together that the cracksmen couldn't get enough powder in them to blow off the door. Eventually the automatic time-locking safes put the old time bank burglar out of business. Men like Jimmy Hope, who engineered the Manhattan Bank robbery in New York City in October, 1876, Mark Shinburn, Dutch Ban, Big Frank McCoy, George Bliss and other

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"knights of the puff and rod (powder and gun)" quit when they learned that powder was useless on the automatic time-lockers. For a year or two bank robberies in the United States were few and far between.

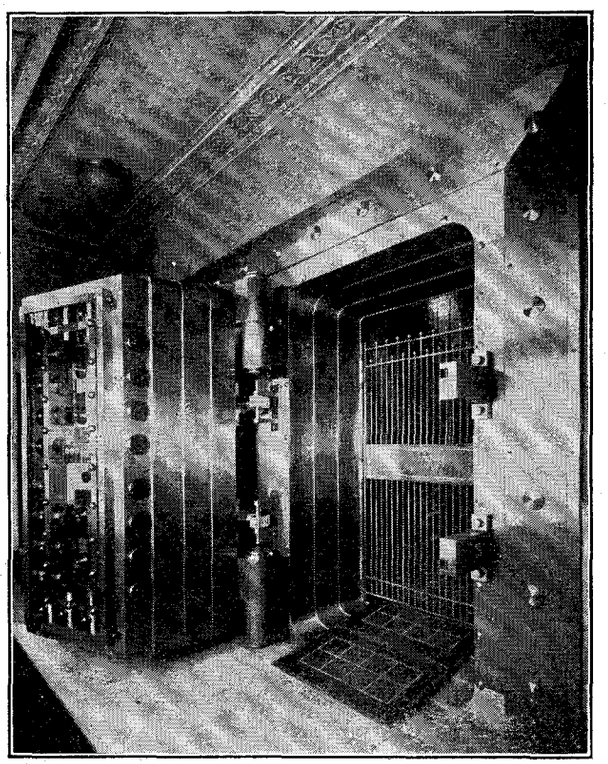
Then a new criminal appeared on the scene in the person of the Yeagman, not Yeggman, as it has been consistently mis-spelled. The Yeag took up the battle where the old timers had left it. He was a product of the world of the professional tramp. No more elusive and desperate marauder ever lived. He moved in a world all his own. He never associated with other crooks. All women were black-listed. A Yeag wouldn't have anything to do with a crook who had a steady relationship with a woman. He said women were dangerous and couldn't be trusted. He said women made "Johnsons," as they termed themselves, soft and sentimental.

"Nobody but an eighteen-karat donkeypiker," they said, "would tie up with a dame."

"Donkeypiker" was their term for a sucker, a chump, a fool. The Yeags had a strange lingo which nobody but a Yeag could understand. "Hikeawalakie jiggeru the bull" means look out for the cop. "Chopology" means shut up, keep quiet, stop it, quit. "Stash it" means hide it, put it away. "An Obey" is a post office. "Let's go up and ding the drag" was their way of saying "Let's go up and beg on the Main Street." "A dinger" was a beggar. "A plinger" was another term for a beggar. "A ding bat" was a tramp who worked on occasion. "He's cow simple" was their vernacular for a fellow who was crazy about women. "Briars" were saws. "Take a gander" meant take a look; and so on.

It was the Yeag who introduced dynamite into the business of blowing safes. He was the first cracksman to "beat" the automatic time-lockers. After they mastered the use of dynamite, they did a land office business with the banks.

But just as soon as the Yeags began to attack banks again the safe makers began to improve the time-lock safes. They tightened up the door jams so that dynamite couldn't be inserted. They designed a new combination spindle which couldn't be driven back or pulled out. These improvements stopped the Yeag. He could do nothing with the automatic time-locker now, because these improvements made it impossible to get the dynamite confined and dynamite not confined was of no more use to him than powder or ice-water. The safe makers had triumphed once more. The Yeag had to go back to the small time racket of post offices, railroad stations and stores where five or six hundred dollars was considered what would be called "a big touch."



Ewing Galloway

A modern burglar-proof vault door

Along about 1885 or 1890, the Yeags began to specialize on post office burglaries for the very good reason that a market had been found for stolen postage stamps. The market, or "fence," was started by an old Yeag, "Chi Tom," who ran a saloon in New York City. Tom paid the cracksmen eighty cents on the dollar for "stickers" and he would buy them in any quantity from a dime's worth to a car load. The "sticker" market made the robbery of "Obeys" a profitable business. Every "Obey" in the small towns throughout the country carried from $500 to $2000 worth of stamps. Every post office job was good for at least $1500 when "stickers" became negotiable loot. The cash that the postmaster had on hand, together with the contents of registered letters, provided the Yeags with a little collection of spending money.

There was a post office in a little town in South Carolina, I think the name is Mullins, which the Yeags attacked with an astonishing regularity. It had been robbed time and again until finally the Post Office Department got tired of the frequent attacks and notified the postmaster to place his funds in the local bank at the close of the day's business. The Post Office officials thought this move would at least thwart any further attacks on the Mullins "Obey." The first night that the postmaster put his funds in the bank a gang of "petermen" came along and blew open the bank. Post office robberies became so common that many postmasters wouldn't put their cash and stamps in safes. Many of them left their safes open and not a few who had anticipated a visit at any time from the cracksmen had signs printed on their safes which read:

"Please don't blow this safe. It is empty and open."

One night in the summer of 1903 a gang of Yeags entered the post office at Hopedale, Massachusetts, where they encountered an up-to-date Herring, Hall and Marvin "Patented Champion Safe" which, in those days, was considered a difficult safe to blow.

An expensive, up-to-date safe in a post office was considered a good omen. The Yeags figured that a postmaster who had such a safe would naturally carry a substantial sum of money, stamps and other negotiable securities in it, so they went to work on it industriously. For an hour or more they blasted away at it. They made fifteen or twenty "shots" before the last sheeting in the door was blown off, and then they discovered that the safe was empty. Not a postage stamp nor a cent of money was to be found. The Yeags were enraged and immediately proceeded to demolish the office with sledge-hammers. The next day's Boston "Globe" carried a story of how the wise old New England postmaster had outwitted the cracksmen. He had left his funds, $3500 in stamps and cash, in a little, iron, fire-proof chest underneath the safe.

Although the Yeag cracksman had been using dynamite for a year or more he had failed to realize that its active

(Please Turn to Page 638)

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The Trend of Events

The Gastonia Case

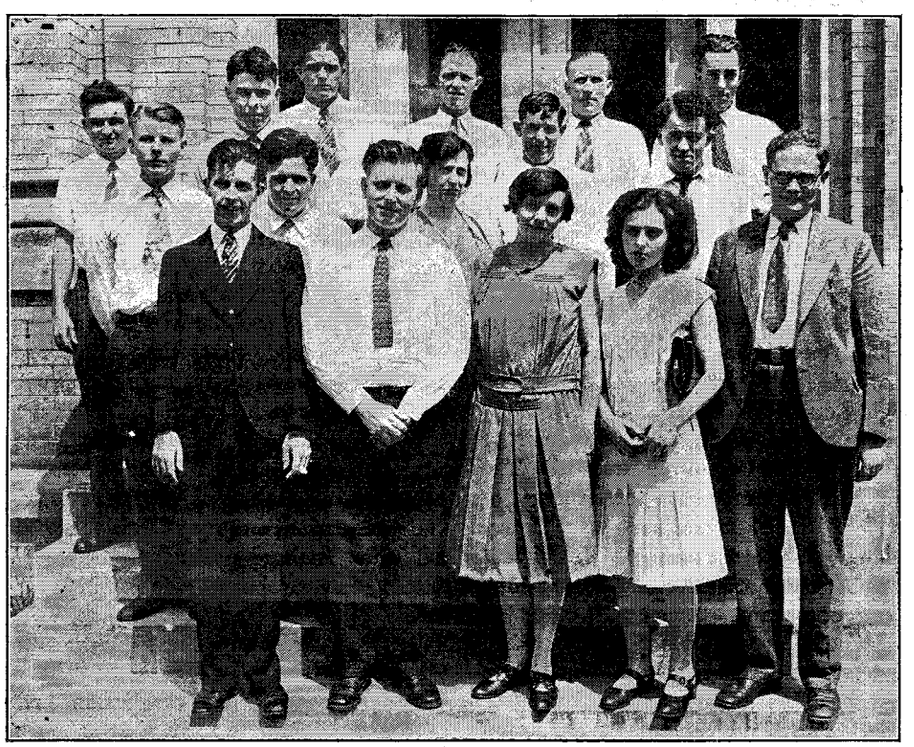
THE FIRST TWO DAYS of the Gastonia trial justified Judge Barnhill's amusement over the Communist cartoon picturing him as a gory ogre. His order of a change of venue won unprejudiced praise. So did his insistence that the case be confined to relevant issues, though the defendants' economic, political, and religious views are nevertheless apt to loom large before long. However, the sixteen probably have somewhat brighter prospects of being fairly tried in Mecklenburg County—which, largely agricultural, is less excited over the case—than they had in Gaston County, with its 100 mills and its textile population of 60,000.

That sentiment in Gastonia is prevailingly hostile to the strikers was indicated when Judge Barnhill moved the trial to Charlotte; he made his decision after hearing of threats against the defendants, their counsel, and their witnesses. It was indicated, also, by the wrecking of strike headquarters by a masked mob on April 18, and by the thoroughness with which the resultant grand jury investigation came to naught. It is indicated by the mere fact that, in retaliation for the death of Chief Aderholt in the June 7 police raid on strike headquarters, thirteen defendants are threatened with the death penalty (it is not demanded for the three girls), while seven or eight others are charged with assault with intent to kill.

Gastonia may be sour on the strikers because, as such, they interfere with the even tenor of life and business. But it fairly curdles over the thought that the strike leaders are Communists—red as so many firecrackers—and, some of them, are Northern Communists to boot.

Yet, cordially hating Communism, Gastonia is none the less furnishing it with a mighty weapon. A case of this kind does more to make friends for, and converts to, that movement than a ton of tracts.

Keenly aware of the fact, Communist leaders are playing up the case with gusto. Gastonias provide them with conditions decidedly to their liking. Nor are they unaware that the sympathy created for them now may be helpful when they extend their fight outside Gastonia as self-constituted, though uninvited and unwanted, allies in the American Federation of Labor's battle against antiquated labor conditions in the south.



Acme

DEFENDANTS ALL

The sixteen young men and women who will stand trial at Charlotte, North Carolina

British Textiles

TEXTILE TROUBLES BREW in England also, though they have boiled over into no Gastonia case. The long-feared crisis in the British industry occurred when 500,000 employees in 1800 mills refused to accept a 12½ per cent slash in salaries averaging $9.12 for all operatives and $7.30 for women. Wage-cutting will not solve the problems of the British plants. Both employers and employees apparently agree that the industry needs a drastic overhauling, though the former have insisted that wage reductions come first.

Hastening to redeem a campaign pledge, the Labor party has created a commission to make a deep-delving investigation into the conditions in, and prospects of, the British industry. The commission's report, which may not be ready for some months, will be awaited with interest not only in Great Britain but in the United States. Some of the causes of the British depression, however, are already well known. Textile mills now whir in China, Japan, and India, once profitable markets for Lancashire products. Many of the British plants are inefficiently managed, poorly equipped, and overcapitalized; their production methods are far behind the times. These faults, incidentally, may also be found in the American industry, especially in the older textile centers.

Several plans have been advanced to bring the British industry in line with present-day conditions. John Maynard Keynes, reparations prophet, brought in to furnish advice, had kind words to say for mass production. Banks which hold textile paper have been trying to reorganize the capital bases of the mills and to effect consolidations. Even a high protective tariff, that ancient enemy of Britannia's economic policy, has been trotted out as a desperate remedy.

Yet in some respects the British textile manufacturer is twin brother to the American farmer. Against relief proposals he has set stubborn individualism, business jealousies, and a firm belief in the ways of the fathers.

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▶▶*The New York Mayoralty*

"WHO COULD SAY NO?" responded James J. Walker when a committee of 682 citizens asked him to accept renomination for Mayor. "I accept the designation," said Representative Fiorello H. LaGuardia to the unofficial Republican city convention called to select Mr. Walker's opponent. Thus opened a campaign which promises to be one of the strangest and liveliest New York has seen.

It will be a strange campaign because of the Democrats who would rather see almost any one else, except perhaps LaGuardia, elected Mayor than Jimmy Walker, always excluding former-Mayor Hylan, of course. It will be strange because of the Republicans who would rather see almost any one else, except perhaps Walker, elected Mayor than Fiorello LaGuardia, always, of course, excluding former-Mayor Hylan. The Democratic *New York World,* which long ago planned to bolt if the Republican party nominated a worthy candidate, now declares that "as between Mayor Walker and Major LaGuardia . . . we feel with Mr. Dooley that they are as far apart as the two poles and as much alike." The Republican *Herald Tribune,* generally expected to support its party's candidates automatically and with cheers, finds that "in nominating Mr. LaGuardia the Republicans have gravely handicapped their fight at the outset."

It will be a lively campaign because Mr. LaGuardia will nake it so. His enemies call him irresponsible, overvehement, and unstable, but no one accuses him of lacking courage, energy, or knowledge of practical politics. Like Walker, he causes lifted eyebrows in the caviar circles of his party, but, like Walker again, he is a hero to the crowds in the subway. With the odds running against him in this overwhelmingly Democratic city, his two objects must be to fuse all anti-Tammanyites in his support and to bring down his opponent with showers of blows planned to land where they hurt. An easy winner barring unexpected upsets, Mayor Walker may devote himself to slipping under the blows with dignity and nonchalance, and to refuting charges that he is lazy and frivolous by pointing to the forty items listed as Walker achievements by August Heckscher, spokesman for the committee of 682.

Both candidates understand the puissance of the district leaders and the man in the street, and neither is expected to waste much time in appeals to plutocrats or intellectuals, though they are seeking one of the most important jobs in the country, that of Mayor of a city with 6,000,000 inhabitants and a half-billion-dollar budget.

Impartial observers concede that both are men of ability when they want to be. That during the campaign they may be less concerned with demonstrating administrative qualifications than with snaring votes may be a slighting commentary on themselves, but it is an even more slighting commentary on democracy in practice.

JIMMIE WALKER'S OPPONENT
Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Republican candidate for Mayor of New York

▶▶*Prison Revolt*

WITH THREE PRISON RIOTS blazing in headlines in eleven days—all involving death and injury, two causing property loss estimated at about half a million dollars—it becomes evident that the maintenance of law and order is not a simple matter of locking up more criminals for longer terms.

Bright and early one Monday morning, 1,300 of New York State's most desperate convicts set fire to the buildings and lumber in Clinton Prison at Dannemora, fell upon their keepers, and frantically attempted to storm the walls. The following Sunday, in Auburn, New York, armed convicts set fire to half a dozen buildings, rushed the prison arsenal, and shot down four guards. Four prisoners escaped. The next Thursday, in Leavenworth, Kansas, prisoners, armed with knives, forks, and pieces of furniture, staged a large-scale protest at their food and at conditions in general, which spread into a several hours' riot quieted finally by machine guns.

Whatever the immediate cause of these engagements, authorities admit that all three prisons are seriously overcrowded. Leavenworth holds more than twice the number of prisoners it is designed to accommodate. Clinton, with a capacity of 1,160, has 1,568. Auburn has 1,750 prisoners and cell room for 1,226. This, added to the obsolete and unsanitary conditions of the prisons themselves, the lack of sufficient occupation for prisoners, the hot weather, and the psychological effect of an excess of long-term and life-term convicts, may be sufficient explanation of the widespread hysteria. It is not surprising that there are serious riots; it is surprising that there are not more of them.

Since maintenance of prison morale has corrective as well as humanitarian importance, measures presumably will be taken, in time, to enlarge and modernize penal institutions. Unfortunately, this involves money and unrewarded pains, whereas passing laws to stiffen prison sentences is inexpensive, untaxing, and often politically profitable. A series of staunch "Ayes," ears cocked for the cheers of the general public, which enjoys seeing keys turned against potential menacers of its hearths, homes, and morals—and a Baumes law is passed. That the buck is also passed, that the job of housing the increasing number of convicts and of considering the effect of stiffened sentences on the prisoners themselves is lightly left for the next fellow, is frequently overlooked.

▶▶*An Adolescent Edison?*

EXAMINATION DAY is over in West Orange, New Jersey, and Thomas A. Edison has found a successor. He is Wilber Brotherton Huston, 16 years old, a Bishop's son, of Seattle, Washington.

Mr. Edison is famous enough so that, if he wishes to choose a successor by submitting a questionnaire—or by holding an all-American spelling bee, jacks tournament, or pancake-eating contest, for that matter—no one will

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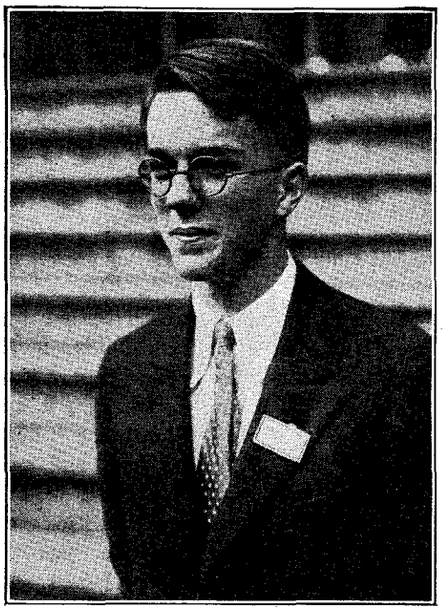

Underwood

INTO EDISON'S SHOES?

Wilber B. Huston, of Seattle, Washington, winner of the Edison scholarship examination

say him nay. One test probably would be as useful as another in the task of scratching the American boy to find an inventor. Though it speaks poorly for modern efficiency, the time has not yet arrived when creative genius can be selected, stamped, and, like so much Grade A cheese, laid away in a favorable atmosphere to ripen. American High Schools are full of bright boys; some of them, perhaps the most unlikely of all, will develop creative abilities. Their knowledge of the identity of Jenny Lind, the authorship of "Treasure Island," or the career of Admiral Farragut; their opinions on what to do with a million dollars, on when a lie is permissible, and on the relation of invention and industry to international agreement, will probably have little to do with it.

The forty-nine boys have been fortunate. They have had a nice trip; they have met Colonel Lindbergh, Henry Ford, George Eastman, Dr. Lewis Perry, S. W. Stratton, and Mayor Walker. They have each had a slice of the Ford birthday cake. They have been to Coney Island. They will be more fortunate still if they can go home and forget all about having been called the brightest boys in their respective States.

The winner has carried off his first two encounters, those with newspaper reporters and with the microphone, with creditable aplomb. More difficulties await him, as they await any youngster who has the debatable good luck to be singled out from his fellows. He will be watched, pointed out, and reinterviewed; he will be expected to furnish a progressive one-man demonstration of developing genius. Half of the observers will hope he does something remarkable; the other half will hope he never invents a thing. But, then, the scholarship he has won will take him through Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Perhaps Professor Rogers will tell him how to become a snob and marry the boss's daughter. Then it won't matter whether he invents anything or not.

▸▸*Cellular City*

IF THERE WERE NOT plenty of other reasons to wish to keep on living, a sufficient one would be curiosity to see how the much-discussed city dwellers of the future actually will be housed. A few weeks ago, beleaguered urbanites were envisioned as wedged together for living, working, and playing in towering structures of steel, menaced by bombing airplanes in the sky and by compressed noxious vapours from the earth. Now they are to be committed to cells.

Cells. Clarence Arthur Perry of the Russel Sage Foundation, after five years of study, reports that the cellular city is the inevitable product of an automobile age. By a cell, he means a self-contained community, large enough to accommodate a population requiring one elementary school, one auditorium, several churches, a complete shopping district, and a village green. The shape of the unit is unessential. What is important is that it be sufficiently complete so that—save, presumably, on their trips to and from work—its denizens will not be required habitually to venture outside it and risk their lives crossing the boulevards and express highways which, planned to skirt the cellular units, will facilitate motor travel.

If this cell idea is properly utilized in development planning, it is Mr. Perry's belief that the home life, safety, convenience, economy, comfort, and opportunities for cultural development now lacking in congested centers may be recaptured.

Yet speculation will not down. How are citizens, having been coaxed into their cells, to be persuaded to stay in them? Assuming that there exists some form of "grapevine telegraph" from cell to cell, suppose some enterprising grocery-store owner announces slashing price reductions? Suppose a church in one cell acquires a better preacher than the others? Or a finer restaurant, or a smoother village green? What about intermarriage? Will the bride remove to the cell of her husband's parents, or what? Will there be intercellular football games, debates, golf matches, and chess tournaments, and, if so, will not the rents in certain units have to be boosted, lest every one move to the winning communities? On these questions —and surely home life, safety, convenience, economy, comfort, and cultural development are bound up in them—the report is silent.

▸▸*Taking Off Naval Weight*

ON THE WHOLE, President Hoover's order stopping work on three cruisers, following an essentially similar move by Premier MacDonald, was well received, though it pained Commander McNutt of the American Legion and bothered Representative Britten, big gun and armament man from Illinois. In his letter to Commander McNutt, the President declares that, having ratified the Kellogg war-renouncing treaty, we should demonstrate our sincerity by holding our naval program within the needs of defense, i.e., within the principle of parity with Great Britain. Though the United States and Great Britain have been competing, he can-

Underwood

MADAME X

The mysterious Anastasia, who claims to be the youngest daughter of the late Czar of Russia

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didly adds, they have arrived only at disparity. With parity accepted as the basis of the disarmament negotiations, it seems to him sensible to try to establish it by agreement "before we resign ourselves to continue attempts to establish it by rival construction programs."

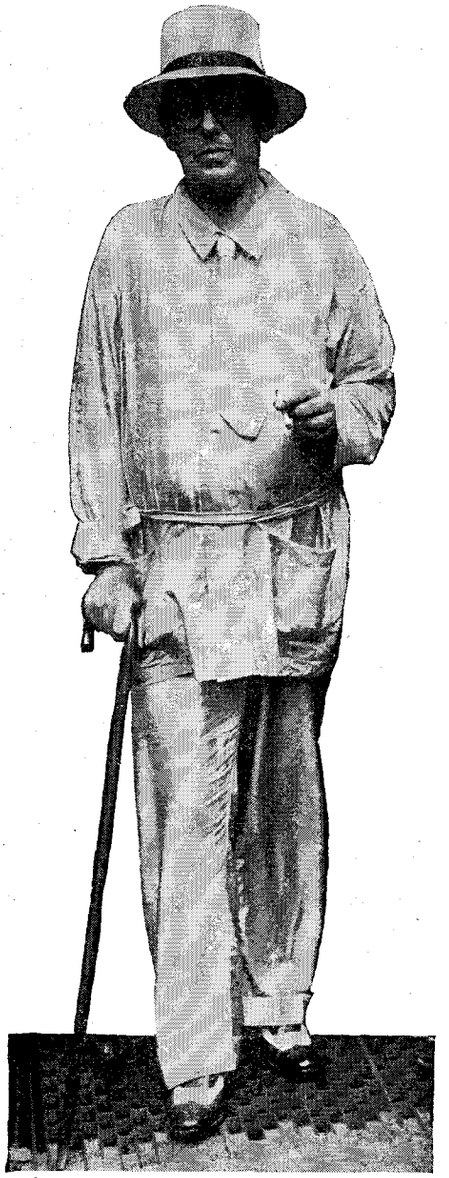
Besides fostering ill will, he says, competitive building spells burdensome expenditures. It is this thought, primarily, that keeps the disarmament negotiators plugging away, and cheerily reporting "substantial progress" whenever they gain an inch. While a successful naval conference would not insure peace, it might insure lower naval budgets and therefore lower tax rates—would do so almost certainly if it meant armament reduction.

As compared with limitation, reduction has another virtue also. It is dramatic, easily understood, and therefore valuable psychologically. Despite our superiority in destroyers and submarines, unless Great Britain—in accordance with the ever-ready counsel of Senator Borah—agrees to scrap cruisers, we may have to keep our shipyards humming for a time in order to build up to parity. This would not impress the American public, nor strike it as progress toward disarmament, nor put it in a more friendly frame of mind toward the British Government. Nor would it immediately tend to reduce American expenditures or tax burdens. This Government has been well advised in seeking, not only limitation, but reduction, of armaments. Anything less would be less than satisfactory.

▸▸*Checking Army Bills*

SURELY IT IS NOT HOPE of preserving the peace, or of strengthening the Kellogg treaty, but rather desire for economy and tax reduction that prompts the President's plan to investigate and reduce the costs of the Army. With 125,000 men and 12,000 officers, the Army, as he and his predecessors have noted, is generally admitted to be a weapon of defense alone. Even if the Reserve Officers and National Guard are counted as semi-active units, it is too small for aggression. Yet despite the gradual reduction of personnel, the Army has gulped down steadily larger appropriations. During the current fiscal year it will cost $331,000,000, an increase of $20,000,000 over the total for 1929 and of $45,000,000 over that for 1928. The President considers $331,000,000 a lot of money.

Too much in fact. He begs leave to doubt the Army's not unnatural opinion that every last nickel of this is necessary. A study of requirements in the light of modern warfare might disclose



Acme

NOT A SLEEPWALKER

W. O. Saunders visits New York in the pajama costume he advocates for street wear

that certain services tend to become obsolescent. The cavalry and coast artillery, for example, may be losing importance. Some of the interior forts and garrisons built for Indian fighting might be abandoned. Army aviation and housing programs might be extended over a longer period than five years, as provided, with consequent shrinkage in the annual expenditure. Notably easy-going in peace-time, the army may be wasting food or ammunition, or running up too high a bill for red tape.

The job of finding where economies may be effected has been awarded to the Army General Staff, whose members probably regard it with averted noses. Nevertheless the President believes they will co-operate wholeheartedly and honestly. He may have another reason for wanting the cuts, if any, made in this quarter. Such a source of suggestions would aid him in a clash on the subject with Congress. If G. H. Q. itself says that savings are possible here and there, the military experts on Capitol Hill hardly can gainsay it.

▸▸*Miss Unknown*

A MYSTERY OF RUSSIAN royalty and hidden treasure is to be explored in American courts. The Grand Duchess Anastasia—if that's who it is—daughter of the late Nicholas II—if she is—has filed suit in New York to recover some hundred million dollars supposed to have been deposited by the Czar in the United States against a rainy day.

It almost passes belief that any member of the Czar's family, lined up against the cellar wall of the house on Vosnesenky Prospect at Ekaterinburg, could have survived the repeated rounds fired by Red Commissars on that morning July 16, 1918, when the reigning Romanoff dynasty was massacred. Yet the story goes that a Red Guard named Tschaikowsky, removing the body of Anastasia to a forest to be burned, found her still alive; that he smuggled her across Russia to Rumania, where they were married and she bore him a child. He was later shot, and she removed to Berlin. In 1920, penniless and broken in health, she tried to commit suicide. Placed in an insane asylum, she was listed as Miss Unknown. From there the story spread of her royal birth.

To all this, members of the Romanoff family, not without an eye on the Czar's fortune and the right of succession to the throne, say "Poppycock!" The woman is an insane Polish peasant, one Franziska Schanzkowski, wife of an executed murderer; they have the report of a commission of inquiry to back them up. On the other hand, Sascha, Anastasia's nurse since childhood; Gleb E. Botkin, her childhood playmate; and Princess Xenia, Mrs. W. B. Leeds, who brought her to this country, feel certain of her identity.

The Soviet Government, which, unwilling to have a daughter of the Czar miraculously alive to kindle the imagination of the Russian peasants, scoffs at the whole business, nevertheless will

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have its attorney at the trial in case the Czar's hundred millions are discovered. The American State Department doubts that such a sum exists. It is said that the Czar recalled his foreign holdings when a "Boom Russia" movement stirred national patriotism. The counsel for the Public Administrator of New York, who looks after Czaristic finances in this country, reports that so far he has been able to find only one item, a sum approximating five million dollars, credited in a New York bank to the Czar's Minister of Finance.

For the general public, it's not the money, it's the mystery of the thing. Is Miss Unknown the Grand Duchess Anastasia, or is she a shrewdly-coached impostor?

▸▸*Recognizing Russia*

ALTHOUGH LABOR ORATORS during the recent campaign berated the Baldwin Ministry for refusing to recognize Russia, the MacDonald Government itself is extending its hand to Moscow hesitantly and with reservations. Conversations in London between Foreign Minister Henderson and M. Dovgalevsky, representing the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, have been broken off, and the latter has returned to Paris, to reassume his duties as Soviet Ambassador to France. The negotiations, says the British Foreign Office, "will not be resumed for the present." Meanwhile, the subject will be debated by the Soviet Union's Central Executive Committee.

Ending their conversations, Mr. Henderson and M. Dovgalevsky found themselves at their starting point. They had followed a familiar route. Russia desires an exchange of Ambassadors first; difficulties can be cleared up thereafter. Though pressed by the left wing of his party to follow this course, Premier MacDonald does not wish to do so, first because he does not wish to do so; secondly, because he has promised that Parliament, convening in October, will be given opportunity to debate whatever action is taken; thirdly, because he knows that on this touchy question his Government might be defeated by a combination of Liberals and Conservatives.

The Labor Government reverses the Russian proposal. First it must receive satisfactory assurances regarding Russian debts to Great Britain. Secondly, Russia must renounce propaganda against British institutions. Once these matters are straightened out, it will be time to talk about an exchange of Ambassadors. The MacDonald Cabinet is apparently little impressed by the rickety explanation that the propaganda flows, not from the Soviet Government, but from the Third International; it recognizes that the interlapping of the two bodies renders the excuse more a distinction than a difference.

Since both Great Britain and Russia have something to gain from renewing relations, probably they will eventually reach an agreement. Its form will interest the United States, with which, as Jonathan Mitchell pointed out in a recent issue of this magazine, Russia is now doing more business than with any other country except Germany, and which sporadically wonders under what conditions American recognition of Russia would be possible.

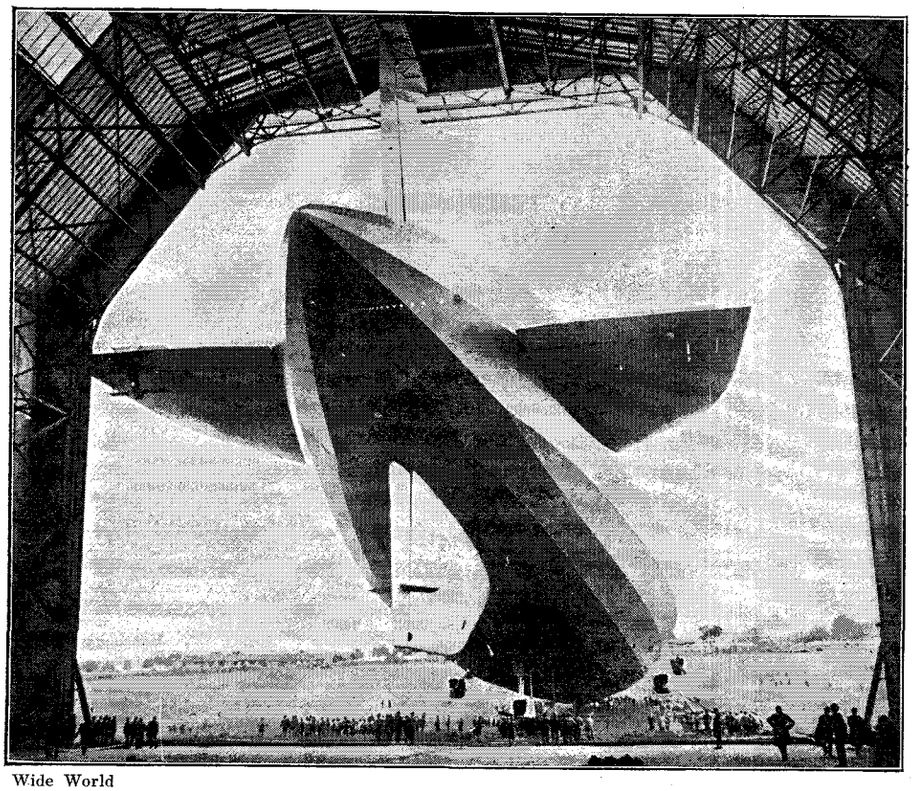
▸▸*The Vestris*

WITH THE CLOSING of the British Board of Trade's conscientious inquiry into the loss of the Vestris last November, the tragedy of the groggy, lopsided ship and its bewildered captain whose indecision resulted in the loss of 112 lives, including his own, is laid aside to await a new Joseph Conrad.

Though the British inquiry, like those conducted in this country, is characterized somewhat by a desire to bear down lightly upon its own side of the responsibility, it is generally forthright and interesting. At several points it differs from the American investigations in distributing the blame. It definitely establishes a fact not brought out by previous inquiries, namely, that the Vestris left port with some 300 tons of excess cargo. For this the court blames three executive officers of Sanderson and Sons, American agents for the Lamport and Holt Line; the Liverpool office of the line is exonerated. In this connection it should be emphasized that the United States does not eye the load lines of ships as sharply as they should be eyed. The British Board also stresses the fact that the Vestris was "tender," unfit to battle the storm in which she sank. The implied criticism is that she was not properly inspected before leaving the American port.

Captain Carey's delay in sending the SOS message, in order to avoid salvage charges, is laid to "unwise instructions," which are condemned. It is found that, while his conduct in connection with lowering the lifeboats was open to criticism, and lack of orders disorganized passengers and crew, there was no failure of the crew's discipline.

Wherever the blame may lie, unquestionably it is up to this country to



Wide World

OVER AGAIN

Graf Zeppelin leaving its hangar at Friedrichshafen, Germany

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patch up its own part of the fence. We should not need a second lesson to teach us that the absence of a law forbidding the overloading of vessels sailing from our ports is serious. Nor should we need prompting as to the wisdom of adopting and enforcing the far-reaching, international code drafted two months ago by delegates from eighteen maritime nations at the London Conference for Safety of Life at Sea.

▶▶*On the Contrary*

W. O. SAUNDERS, North Carolina publisher, strolled down Fifth Avenue wearing tan silk pajamas. W. O. Saunders returned to North Carolina a disappointed man. Fifth Avenue remained unwon to his gospel of lighter clothing for men; worse, Fifth Avenue did not even care what W. O. Saunders was wearing. He had dreamed of being photographed, arrested, persecuted, made to languish in jail for his creed. He was merely photographed.

As to dress reform for men, we consider it unsound. Men's clothes are well enough as they are. They are concealing, they have pockets aplenty, they are of material heavy enough to retain a press and refrain from bulging. They are, mostly, dark; therefore, they are inconspicuous and do not show spots. They are plain, thus following the modern feeling for streamlines. They do not flap, wilt, look funny, or get in the way—at least, not much. They do not pinch anywhere; if they do, all that is needed is a larger size. It has never been proved that men are warmer or more uncomfortable than women in summer. Nothing is cool when it's hot.

We can think of twenty things that would look and feel hotter beneath a blistering August sun than a man in regulation garb. For instance, twenty men wearing sticky pajamas.

▶▶*The Sun's Long Arm*

MAGNETIC STORMS which occurred more than two weeks ago are likely to be repeated on August 14, according to Dr. Seth B. Nicholson of Mount Wilson Observatory. The disturbance, which interfered with the operation of telegraph apparatus, will recur if a giant sun-spot, which is believed to have been its cause and which is now moving around the distant side of the sun, reappears after that body's twenty-two-day period of rotation.

There has been an immense volume of scientific speculation about the cause of magnetic disturbance on the earth. This is linked with the production of the aurora, the two having a possible common cause. That a sunspot has a powerful magnetic field is known; its strength can be measured as easily as that of a toy magnet in the hand.

Sun-spots are believed to eject swarms of electrons into space and terrestrial magnetic phenomena are nearly always related to the passage across the sun's rotating disk of one or more of these spots. Often however, no earthly phenomena accompany such passage. This is believed to be because the electrons are shot out in comparatively narrow bands and only a few of these happen to be directed in line with the earth's path.

It is these narrow streams of electrons which are believed to cause magnetic disturbances on earth when they encounter it; they ionize the earth's outer atmosphere. Usually they reach us only two or four days after the sun-spot is directly opposite the earth. This represents the time they take in their 92,000,000-mile flight to the earth from the sun.

Remarkable Remarks

Men are perhaps tired of liberty. They have had enough of it.—BENITO MUSSOLINI.

We must be ready for the last resort, when necessary, in prohibition enforcement.—DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

The government . . . whether in the States or in the nation, is owned and operated by base and scurvy men.—H. L. MENCKEN.

He or she who is most disappointed in his or her marriage, if faithful to his vows, gets the most out of the marriage.—CANON WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE.

It is astonishing that sex, which after all is a subject of general interest, can be made so dull.—PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

The real heroine in any play is the best looking girl in the cast.—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

The stripling who has not been stirred out of the corn-husk mattress on the farm before daylight for a trip to the city has missed life's supreme adventure.—O. O. MCINTYRE.

The sophisticate and the cynic are not fully educated.—REV. DR. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN.

God doesn't want any more angels. He made plenty of them before he made man.—REV. DR. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

Quite obviously many of the shouters for "light wines and beers" are actually interested in welterweight whiskys and heavyweight gins.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

▶▶*In Brief*

A NEW JERSEY WOMAN plans to found, in every State, communities which will be free of hypocrisy. Apparently she is undeterred by fear lest the movement be criticized as un-American. . . . A young man collapses on a sidewalk, murmuring of hunger. Passersby, deeply moved, bring him food and drink, make up a hundred-dollar purse for him, promise him a night's lodging and fare home. All this in New York, known to the Nation and its song-writers as the "city that has no heart." . . . As for that Baltimore boy who is out to become champion juvenile flagpole-sitter, it is not too much to say that, if he continues his determined efforts to better himself, he may someday become champion adult flagpole-sitter. . . . Chicago gangsters, having discovered that bullet wounds in the abdomen are nearly always fatal, now aim at their victims' belts. None of your mooney cities, Chicago persistently strives to give learning practical application. . . . Exeter, N. H., claims to be the birthplace of the Republican party. Exeter, N. H., is the American town which had not hitherto claimed to be the birthplace of the Republican party. . . . An automobile has been built which has a 60-inch wheelbase, weighs 600 pounds, and makes 50 miles on a gallon of gasoline. It will sell for about $200 and will be delivered in a weatherproof crate that can be used as a garage. It is almost certain to revive the old Ford joke about the baby cutting his teeth on the family sedan. . . . "I am not ambitious to be President," says Vice-President Curtis, who therein shows himself to be like no other American. "I was not ambitious to be Vice-President," adds Mr. Curtis, who therein shows himself to be like every other American. . . . Now that Mrs. Willebrandt has revealed that the Republican National Committee urged her to make her Springfield, Ohio, "speech to the Methodists," and that it was edited in advance by James Francis Burke, counsel for the Committee, does Mr. Hoover still stand by his statement to Chairman Work that there has never been a campaign conducted "upon a higher plane [than that of 1928] or one

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that has proved itself so far above all criticism"? . . . The Graf Zeppelin's latest jaunt to this country from Germany proved what no one denied, namely, that when motors function adequately and the weather man smiles, it is possible to fly a dirigible across the Atlantic. However, until failing motors are almost out of the question, until lighter-than-air ships are capable of flying long distances in practically any sort of weather, showing a substantial profit over and above all operating expenses, any prediction of regular trans-Atlantic dirigible service is bound to be just another one of those things.

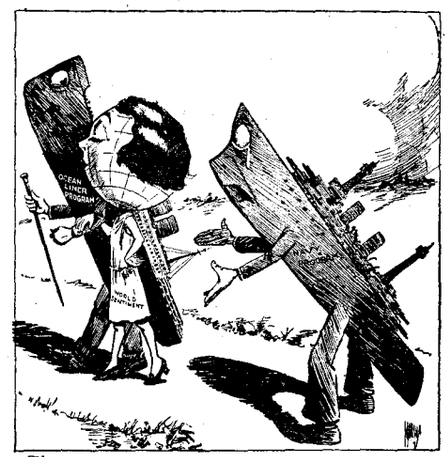
Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HAVE just been treated to an amazing demonstration of the power of the army lobby, or, as we prefer to put it, of the military mind. Although a great deal of mystery surrounds President Hoover's attempt to cut army cost, we suspect that the first skirmish went to the army, as represented by Secretary of War Good, Assistant Secretaries Hurley and Davison and Major General Charles P. Summerall, Chief of Staff. Official and unofficial circles are both mystified and amused at the suddenness and apparent success of the army's resistance to the President's program. We await the outcome with zest for the light it may cast on Mr. Hoover's means of dealing with opposition within his own family.

We cannot understand the President's seeming willingness to surrender to the civilian and military heads of the army, unless it be due to his own unpreparedness in combatting their array of fears and facts. Although we have frequently noted his tendency to start things and then stop, or to turn the problem over to a commission, we have reason to believe he had set his heart on making a slash in military expenditures. The almost unbelievable boost in army costs in the face of annual cuts in personnel has intrigued his engineer's mind. There was also the secondary consideration that such a move would provide additional evidence of our desire for world peace on a grand scale.

Thus the presidential venture began with high hopes and determination. The spirit spread across Executive Avenue to the ugly building housing the State and War Departments, where Secretary Good echoed the President's words. Mr. Good not only agreed that reduction should be made, but knew where they could be effected. When we heard such talk from the Secretary of War, we concluded that we had come upon the reason for Mr. Good's selection for that post. We heard cynical comment to the effect that Mr. Good had been picked because he was a "yes" man, and that such outstanding candidates as Col. William J. Donovan and ex-Senator James W. Wadsworth had been passed up because they had minds and voices of their own. In fact, Washington derived much amusement from the discovery that the Secretary of War, unlike such predecessors as Lindley



Times *The Navy "Cut"*

Garrison, John W. Weeks and even the pacifistic Newton D. Baker, shared the White House view that the Army was costing too much.

Then the President took Messrs. Good, Hurley, Davison and Summerall to his Rapidan camp for a week-end discussion of specific economy measures. If we could learn what went on there, we would have a key to the whole affair, but the conferees grow wrathy when questioned about the incident. We do know that Good left Washington volubly eager to carry out the President's plan. We realize that Mr. Hurley is new to his job and could hardly be expected to present arguments which would turn so stubborn a spirit as Mr. Hoover.

Though everybody likes "Trubee" Davison, he has never shown himself to be a man of iron; he would never interpose in a manner to influence a President. Summerall, the soldier, is a stern martinet of a man with a strong religious strain; he obeys orders always, and the President is his Commander-in-Chief. We can think of no argument the groups could present that would lead the President to modify his program, unless it be Good's strong representation that Congress would never stand for maintaining a small-army policy.

Though we cannot reconstruct the scene on the Rapidan, we do know that on the Monday morning after the week-end conference Mr. Good indignantly denied there was to be any weakening or pruning of the military establishment. He did not cross the President in so many words, but he no longer saw eye-to-eye with the Commander-in-Chief. When it was suggested that the cavalry might be dispensed with in view of changed methods of warfare, Mr. Good, the politician-lawyer, was glib with references to Hannibal's reminiscences, Napoleon's maxims and Hindenburg's memoirs, in which those great military leaders stressed the need of horses as an integral part of the army. Had Germans or Allies possessed effective cavalry units in the fall of 1914, thundered Mr. Good, the World War might have been only rear guard action lasting for but a few months.

The coast artillery could not be abolished because, in event of destruction of our aerial defenses, the coastline would be at the enemy's mercy. In short, the good-natured, politically-minded Iowa lawyer who has headed the army for less than five months delivered a lecture on war that might have done credit to the late Professor Ferdinand Foch. The "yes man" had been transformed between Friday and Monday until he bristled with "everlasting nays," even though it was a Republican President he defied.

The answer is, of course, that the General Staff put steel into "Jimmie" Good's soul and eloquence into his tongue. The army lobby and the military mind got him. And the General Staff, ironically, will now conduct the inquiry designed to discover where its prized army may be cut down. To our mind, however, it is only a skirmish which G. H. Q. has won. We expect to see the White House unlimber its own batteries after a period of "watchful waiting," and then the battle will surely begin.

A. F. C.

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Religion and Science

An Editorial by Albert G. Keller

IF ANY ONE set out to make an unselected list of definitions of religion, from all over the earth, the typical residuum could not be far from the phrase: "My own creed." That would be the "true" religion, in any case, even though the term "religion" might be grudgingly accorded to some other faiths, allied or not far removed.

Most people, when they use the term "religion," really mean "creed." But we are now being told by progressive clergymen that a creed is not religion, in the pure sense, but theology. That is what Andrew D. White long ago asserted, when, in his emancipating book, "The History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," he portrayed the losing contest which theology had waged against science. He held that there was no ground for conflict between science and what he conceived to be religion. The modernists among the clergy appear to be of his opinion.

It is evident enough that, sooner or later, advancing knowledge will come to challenge any set creed. It challenges anything that is unchangeable and unadaptable. It cannot recognize infallibility. There is no profit in pursuing the subject farther, if religion is to be construed as a creed or a complex of creeds. Disputants are on parallel tracks and can never meet to join issue. It is necessary, in order to have any issue at all, to try to confront science with some other conception of religion.

Nowadays it is not the easiest thing in the world for a rationalist to make out just what the emancipated clergy mean by religion. In trying to specify, they resort to periphrases, metaphor, and especially analogy. One gentleman has announced that no one has any business to talk about religion unless he has a "religious experience." That is about equivalent to informing a confused fellow-mariner who asks for his latitude and longitude: "Oh, if you knew where you are, you'd know where you are." Presumably "conversion" is a religious experience, or even the religious experience. If, however, that is so, the inquiry is merely shifted back a few steps; for there are different kinds of conversion, of varying degrees of durability. The modernist and the clergy cannot refer to the hysterical phenomena of the saw-dust trail and the anxious seat. To some who claim to be intellectually honest, and not utterly devoid of imagination or even of a certain type of spirituality, these occult phrases mean nothing. With the best of good will, to say nothing of legitimate curiosity, we remain uninformed.

There are other official spokesmen for religion who seem to debase what they profess if, indeed, it is anything like what the saints have claimed for it. They wish you, let us say, to join a church. You reply that you cannot accept its creed. The answer is: "No matter. That doesn't count. The church is a fine institution. Look what it has done in promoting education, founding hospitals and other humanitarian institutions. You want to be part of that sort of thing, don't you? What's eating you, anyhow? Well, come along in, then!" The same reasons might be cited for joining several other, and secular, bodies. And, whether or not he is so reassured as to the insignificance of that to which he is asked to subscribe, a conscientious, even though benighted, soul hesitates to shift his responsibility. He is, at any rate, accountable to himself; and nobody, even with honeyed words, can relieve him of that responsibility.

Evidently the word "religion" is used here in a kind of metaphorical sense, somewhat as Galton employed it when he spoke of his hope that eugenics would come to be a kind of religion. As if religion were a matter of chromosomes and statistical charts.

Again, we are told that religion is, after all, merely ethics; that the conscientious, moral man is really religious—perhaps the best type of religious man. If so, then the term "religion" has been strained out of all essential resemblance to itself. It had better be called "morality." This alteration of verbal coinage is productive only of confusion. Science cannot be in opposition to that which is indefinable. Nor can it be in harmony with such a thing. Toward concepts of this vague variety it can maintain only its stock agnostic attitude: "In the absence of evidence, I do not know."

There is perhaps another line of approach to this issue. If we line up the faiths of the race, we find that there is one element common to them all, namely, a recognition of the "supernatural," of the presence of an enveloping mystery, above, below, and around our little lives. Science has no scruples about assenting to that proposition; in fact, it is doubtful whether anybody else has such vividness of perception of this mystery as has the scientist who, in the course of his regular business, is always reaching some jumping-off place into some fathomless abyss. He has been to the edge and has actually looked over. Some of the rest have chanted loftily about what they have never seen. He is more like the soldier who has been in the front trenches, peering into No-Man's land, and does not care to talk about it very much. It is no joke to him. But he can be patronized, or dubbed a cynic, all the same, by voluble parties behind the lines.

What men in all ages have done is to figure to themselves this enveloping mystery (or Mystery) in terms expressible and comprehensible to themselves. Mainly they have anthropomorphized. Then their imaginations have been codified and ritualized. They have been certain that they knew the ways and purposes of their gods. Grand major premises have been set up and made into the sources of endless deductions and, to use Pareto's telling term, "verbal manifestations." These are creeds. But then more knowledge has come and the alleged eternal formulas have been invaded and defended, first savagely, then apologetically and by way of interpretations. At length, some of them have been reluctantly abandoned. Where

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Where Is Mankind Going?

Science deals with the little, slowly growing, bright circle of things we know—religion with the unmeasured dark circle of things we do not know. Professor Keller, of the Department of Sociology at Yale University and co-author of "The Science of Society," makes clear the emerging bases for any scientific religion. He is one of the contributors to this weekly editorial page who constitute our list of witnesses to the progress of life. The next contributor will be Dr. Isaiah Bowman

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Marching As to War

The Story of Carry Nation

By HERBERT ASBURY

After the battle of Wichita, as described in the preceding installment, Carry Nation visited Enterprise, Kansas, where she received a black eye and a horsewhipping at the hands of the wives of saloonkeepers. Undaunted, she pressed on to Topeka, the capital city, for one of the great moments of her career

THE TRAIN bearing Carry Nation rolled into Topeka during the late afternoon of Saturday, January 26, 1901, and the crusader rose from her seat in the day-coach and prepared for her triumphal entry into the capital city of Kansas, which she regarded as one of the major objectives in her campaign to sweep the saloon off the American continent. For Topeka, as the political center of the state and the headquarters of the liquor lobbies, was the natural Mecca of reformers with legislative axes to grind; and among temperance workers in the hinterland it bore an unsavory reputation, equalled only by that of Wichita, as a cess-pool of corruption and a veritable fountain-head of the rum traffic. But this notoriety was undeserved. So far as enforcement of the prohibition laws was concerned, the situation in Topeka was better than in any other community in Kansas. About forty joints provided liquid refreshment for the city's 35,000 inhabitants, but in only a few were beer and whisky served over standard bars and with real barroom equipment. Many saloon-keepers possessed only delapidated ice-boxes and plain board counters, hidden away in small rooms behind cigar stores or restaurants; and others had no fixtures excepting a few tin dippers in which the customer was supplied direct from the keg. No saloons operated openly, and there were fewer wholesale and storage warehouses than in Wichita, although Topeka was the logical distribution center for the great breweries of St. Louis and Kansas City.

A delegation of temperance and prohibition advocates, headed by the Rev. S. C. Coblentz, pastor of the United Brethren Church, met Carry Nation when she stepped onto the station platform at Topeka, but she had scarcely greeted them before newspaper reporters swarmed around and escorted her through the waiting-room, where several hundred persons had gathered to see the woman whose exploits had within less than a month made her the most talked-of character in the Middle West. A majority of the crowd was plainly hostile, and shouts of jeering laughter, with here and there a feeble cheer, arose as the motherly figure of the smasher bustled through the gates, her injured eye, a memento of Enterprise, still adorned by a cut of fresh beef.

She was driven to the home of the Rev. Mr. Coblentz for supper, and about eight o'clock yielded to the importunities of several reporters for the *Topeka Capital* and started on a sight-seeing tour of the joints in lower Kansas Avenue, the principal thoroughfare of the city. She went first to Bert Russell's billiard hall, between Fourth and Fifth Streets. A score of men who had been peacefully playing pool abandoned the tables and fled without their hats and coats when she appeared in the doorway, and as she scuttled across the floor toward the back room wherein Russell was reputed to maintain a bar, someone shouted:

"Hey, Bert! Shut the door! Here comes Mrs. Nation!"

THE DOOR slammed, and Carry Nation, crying for admittance in the name of God and American motherhood, began pounding upon it with her fist. It soon opened, and Edward Ryan, one of Russell's managers, came into the billiard room. Seizing Carry Nation by the shoulders, he whirled her about and rapidly propelled her toward the street in a manner very similar to that employed by saloon bouncers from time immemorial. She protested and struggled vigorously.

"Let me go!" she screamed. "Shame on you! I've got no hatchet with me!"

"Get out!" ordered Ryan. "You've got no business here."

"I don't want to hurt your joint! I only want to see it."

"Get out!" Ryan repeated. "And stay out!"

He shoved her across the threshold, and the pleased reporters promptly hustled her a few blocks away to the Senate, one of the few well equipped saloons in Topeka. But the doors were locked and barred, and she returned to Fourth Street and Kansas Avenue, where she approached Edward Myers' cigar store, which was popularly supposed to shelter a joint. This place was closed also, and pacing back and forth along the sidewalk was Mrs. Myers, carrying over her shoulder a heavy broom, which she raised threateningly.

"Don't come near here!" she warned.

"Get out of my way, woman," demanded Carry Nation. "I'm going into your murder-mill."

"You keep out of here!" cried Mrs. Myers.

Carry Nation calmly pushed her aside, and a moment later the broom swished through the air and came down with a resounding whack upon the crusader's skull. The pile of hair upon Carry Nation's head broke the force of the blow, but her bonnet was knocked into the gutter, and when she stooped to recover it, Mrs. Myers smote her upon that portion of her anatomy which chanced to be uppermost. Shrieking loudly, and with both hands clasping her bruised person, Carry Nation set off down the street at top speed, closely pursued by Mrs. Myers, who hit her once more and then resumed her proud marching before the cigar store. The crusader ran two blocks before she was overhauled by the reporters, and when they expressed their sympathy, she said:

"What does a broomstick amount to when one has been used to rawhides, rocks and eggs?"

Meanwhile the crowd which had followed her since she left the home of the Rev. Mr. Coblentz had increased both in size and antagonism, and the reporters recognized many hoodlums and tough characters. A particularly offensive egg spattered against a wall within a foot of her head, and when the throng moved forward threateningly and half a dozen stones thudded at her feet, the newspaper men rushed her back into a restaurant, out of a rear doorway, and thence through another

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alley into Kansas Avenue, where they advised her to go home as quickly as possible. But there was no time to find a cab, for the mob swarmed into the Avenue, and, howling threats and insults, pursued the crusader to the *Capital* Building, where she sought refuge in the editorial rooms while special policemen armed with revolvers guarded the street doors. Carry Nation was greatly frightened and very disheveled, and the beating she had received from Mrs. Myers appeared to cause her more distress than she was willing to admit, for when a comfortable chair was procured she seated herself very gingerly. But she soon regained her composure, and smoothed her wrinkled dress and straightened her poke bonnet so that it once more perched primly upon her graying hair. As she listened to the raucous cries of the mob, she said pleasantly to a reporter:

"Hell seems to be howling tonight!"

Thus Carry Nation began the most exciting and eventful month of her career. And likewise Topeka.

On the morning of her second day in Topeka, which was Sunday, Carry Nation held court at the home of the Rev. Mr. Coblentz, while from dawn to midnight a large crowd braved the cold weather and stood in the street before the house, waiting patiently for something to happen, and cheering and hooting her whenever she appeared at door or window. In other parts of the city saloon-keepers cursed her whole-heartedly, men gathered on street corners to discuss her spectacular foray of the night before, and office-holders interrupted the tranquil observance of the Sabbath with worrisome thoughts. More than a score of members of the Kansas State Temperance Union and of the W. C. T. U. called upon her, and the Salvation Army, headed by a brass band, paraded into her presence and serenaded her with sacred songs and music. During the afternoon she spoke at two temperance meetings, and David Nation, who had arrived from Medicine Lodge a few hours after her exciting adventures along Kansas Avenue, spoke at one. But his discourse was brief, for long before he had reached his peroration, Carry Nation revived memories of his earlier days in the ministry by plucking at his coat-tails and saying loudly:

"Sit down, Papa. You've talked long enough."

He obeyed promptly, but he was observed to glare at her and mutter incoherently into his flowing beard, and then and there, perhaps, was born the distaste for her society which eventually led to divorce. When she returned from these gatherings, practically every reporter in Topeka awaited her with eager questions about her plans, and she told them that she would attend the opening session of the annual convention of the State Temperance Union on the following day. Moreover, it was her intention to make a speech which she was confident would arouse the delegates and send them afield with hatchets and other implements of destruction. But officials of the Union promptly announced that she had not been invited and would not be allowed upon the platform; and next morning the Topeka *Capital* editorially commended their firm stand and thus attacked Carry Nation's plans for ridding Kansas of its joints:

> The logical effect of the Mrs. Nation idea is anarchy pure and simple. . . . Nothing could be more damaging to good morals and more destructive to American principles of government than for such ideas to be seriously favored by a responsible and respected organization like the State Temperance Union. The Nation issue is likely to come before the Union today, and if so it rests with the sensible majority to see to it that the Union, if it takes any position at all in the matter, stands for the orderly enforcement of the law, and not for violence, hysteria and anarchy.

LOOK OUT, BOYS!
A contemporary cartoon from the National Magazine

Despite the attitude of the Union's officers and the opposition of Topeka's principal newspaper, the Nation issue did, indeed, come before the convention. And with great profit to the crusader. She arrived at the meeting hall a few minutes after the session had opened and accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Coblentz and others of her supporters, marched down the aisle to a seat in the front row, while the delegates set up a great roar of enthusiastic greeting. Mrs. C. B. Hoffman of Enterprise, who was speaking, promptly abandoned her assigned subject and launched into a fulsome eulogy of the smasher, and many of the women present wept loudly and cried "Glory to God!" when she described graphically how Carry Nation had closed the dives in Dickinson county, and how she had been attacked by a mob of angry females. Thomas H. Bain, a prominent temperance worker who had hitherto possessed great influence throughout the state, tried to halt the rising tide of violence with a speech in which he objected to Carry Nation's course as revolutionary and leading inevitably to anarchy and bloodshed, but he was hissed and hooted from the stage, and the convention shouted for Carry Nation. She was escorted to the platform, where she delivered a harangue urging the destruction of every saloon in Christendom, and announcing that she would move immediately against the barrooms which had disgraced the fair name of Topeka. Mr. Bain and other conservatives attempted to lead the convention into an endorsement of gentler methods, but after an acrimonious debate they were routed, and the delegates adopted resolutions favoring Carry Nation's campaign and severely condemning Governor William E. Stanley for what they termed his vaccillating attitude toward enforcing the prohibition laws.

While Carry Nation was thus gain-

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ing the sympathy of the women and other temperance advocates of Topeka, excitement was rising throughout the city, and the crowds which followed her about the streets were constantly becoming larger, and more boisterous and unruly. And the saloon-keepers, instead of profiting by the experiences of their brethren of Kiowa and Wichita, emulated and even excelled them in defiant gestures, and so blundered into a maze of stupidity from which they never emerged, and which was a prime factor in hastening the events that brought about their ruin. Thrown into a panic by Carry Nation's appearance and the certain prospect of trouble, they closed their doors on the morning after her first tour of Kansas Avenue, but that afternoon they boldly reopened. Moreover, they announced publicly that they would remain open, and began hiring guards, paying them $3.50 a day, to protect their stocks and fixtures. Two of the Kansas Avenue joints were patrolled by husky Negroes, armed with shotguns and under orders to shoot the first person who attempted to destroy the property; and every saloon in Topeka employed from six to ten men whose sole duties were to eject Carry Nation and other smashers whenever they appeared. Several jointists installed trapdoors in their floors, operated by levers behind the bars, through which they hoped to plunge the crusader to certain injury and perhaps death in the basement, before she could wield her hatchet. The Missouri Brewers' Association sent six hundred dollars to the Topeka saloons to pay the wages of the guards, and offered to provide as much more money as might be required.

THE INDIGNATION these defensive measures aroused in temperance circles was increased by a widely circulated rumor that the Negro sentinels had been instructed to strip every woman who entered a saloon and cast her naked into the street; and it grew into fury when the police discovered a plot to tar and feather Carry Nation, and reported that the wives of several jointists planned to horsewhip her at the first opportunity. But the clamor of impending trouble, much as it alarmed the Topeka authorities, failed to intimidate the crusader; on the contrary she was pleased at the prospect of violence, for it added to chances of martyrdom through injury or death. She met the threats of the saloon-keepers with the calm statement that she was "not afraid of the rummies," and announced that she had begun the organization of the National Hatchet Brigade, to make concerted attacks upon saloons throughout the state. She appointed as her principal lieutenants Mrs. Lucy Wilhoite, of Wichita, and Mrs. Mary Sheriff, of Danville, who had already begun to lay waste the barrooms of southern and southeastern Kansas. Carry Nation also notified the newspapers that within a few days she would lead an assault upon the joints of lower Kansas Avenue, and warned the liquor men that she would smash heads as well as fixtures if any one interfered with her.

A PARADE of Home Defenders, which she also organized at this time, had been planned for February 4, but it was postponed because of a heavy snowstorm. Soon after breakfast on that day, however, Carry Nation concealed two hatchets under her cloak, and with seven other women, including Mrs. John White and Mrs. M. F. Oldham, went to the Topeka Cash Store and bought six shiny new hatchets for two dollars and fifty cents. The weapons were distributed, and then the eight crusaders marched two abreast down Kansas Avenue, each carrying a hatchet openly in the crook of an arm, while a large crowd trailed them with much jeering and yelling. The little group of prospective smashers trudged through the snow as far as Sixth Street. There they turned and went directly to Murphy's Unique Restaurant, which they found padlocked and guarded by a dozen men armed with clubs and ranged in line before the door. Carry Nation ordered them to stand aside, and when they jeered at her and brandished their bludgeons she cried:

"Smash them, women!"

The amateur crusaders hesitated, doubting the wisdom of a frontal attack upon such a formidable force, but Carry Nation waved her hatchet and rushed forward, calling loudly upon the Lord for aid. She was promptly seized by several of the guards and shoved back with such force that she fell to the ground, and before she could arise, a man ran from the crowd kicked her viciously and then scurried down the street. Scrambling to her feet, she returned to the attack, and was again repulsed, whereupon she raised her hatchet and prepared to hurl it through a plate glass window. But it was snatched from her hand by a man who operated the roulette wheel at a Kansas Avenue gambling house known as Big 803, and while the crowd roared with glee he ran down the street with the trophy tucked beneath his coat. An hour later, adorned by a blue ribbon, it hung above the bar of Big 803. Carry Nation called for another hatchet, but the men who guarded the restaurant had by this time been re-enforced by Negro sentinels from other joints, and more than fifty men attacked the crusaders, quickly scattering them. The other women were permitted to escape, but when Carry Nation would have fled also, she was seized by four stalwart Negroes and hustled down Kansas Avenue in the midst of a howling, hostile mob that packed the thoroughfare for three blocks on either side of Sixth Street Two street cars, unable to move, were marooned in the midst of the jostling throng, and the occupants of a score of buggies and commercial wagons abandoned their vehicles as the mob surged down upon them. Carry Nation was beaten, cuffed and kicked, and several times she was knocked down by frenzied men who rushed from the front ranks of the mob and penetrated the ring of Negroes who were themselves unmercifully mauling their prisoner. Cries of "Kill her!" "Lynch her!" and "Where's a rope" arose from the crowd, and Carry Nation was in grave danger, when she was rescued by Policemen Boyle and McElroy, who placed her under arrest and took her to the police station, where she was locked in a rear room while the harassed officials tried to decide what to do with her. The women who had accompanied her on the ill-fated expedition, and other friends, were admitted, and after singing several hymns, attempted a chain prayer, Carry Nation directing them to stand in line and pray one after another without intermission. But this project was impracticable because the excited women would not await their turns, and soon all were singing and praying together. One became so enthused that she fell prone upon the floor and began screaming and kicking the planks, and nine knelt in a corner of the room and hysterically beseeched God to avenge the insults which had been showered upon their champion.

ABOUT AN HOUR after her arrest, the police prepared to take Carry Nation before Judge Charles A. Magaw of the Police Court, to answer charges of disorderly conduct, causing a crowd to collect, and inciting to riot. But she promptly said that she would have

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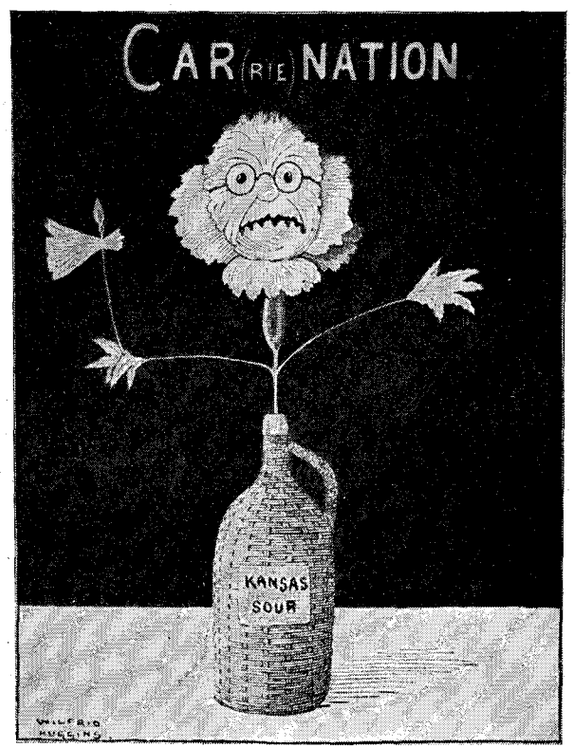
nothing to do with either Judge Magaw or his court, and that if she appeared before that august tribunal, the police would have to carry her there. Judge Magaw then ordered her released on her own recognizance, and she marched triumphantly from the police station, to learn from newspaper reporters that the senior boys of the Topeka High School, in a meeting at noon, had endorsed her campaign and had volunteered their services.

"I may use them soon in God's work," she said. "There will be more smashing tomorrow. I'm not afraid of these rummies."

Despite a heavy snowfall, restless crowds continued to surge up and down Kansas Avenue and other important Topeka streets throughout the afternoon of February 4, and there was frequent fighting between sympathizers of the saloon and adherents of Carry Nation, while the joints were packed with men who drank heavily and listened eagerly to tales of the unsuccessful attack upon the Unique Restaurant. During the evening the throng became so large and so boisterous that the sidewalks in the downtown district were blocked, and the police experienced great difficulty in keeping lanes open for the passage of vehicular traffic. Fights were of even more frequent occurrence than earlier in the day, and detectives reported that in the saloons there was much talk of lynching Carry Nation, and that serious trouble was likely to develop before midnight. Chief of Police Stahl immediately sought the advice of Sheriff Cook, City Attorney Bird and Judge Z. T. Hazen of the District Court, and at a conference in the Court-house these officials decided that rioting was imminent, and ordered every barroom in Topeka closed for forty-eight hours. After liquor had thus become difficult to obtain, the crowds were much easier to handle, and within a few hours they had dispersed and the city was quiet.

Next morning at six o'clock, while snow was still falling heavily, Carry Nation met Mrs. John White and Miss Madeline Southard, an evangelist, on a corner near the Coblentz home. She gave each a hatchet, and the three hurried down Kansas Avenue, and, without warning, attacked E. C. Russam's restaurant and barroom. But Russam's guards were on duty, and the crusaders were defeated after a brief skirmish in which Carry Nation's hand and forehead were slightly cut by her own hatchet. They retired without doing any damage, and while Russam hurriedly locked and barred his doors, they plodded across the street through the snow and rushed into the Senate Bar, the finest saloon in Topeka, and so named because it was a favorite resort of Kansas statesmen and politicians. There they found Benner Tucker, the bartender, singing cheerfully and polishing glasses in which he hoped presently to serve hot toddies to gentlemen who wished to fortify themselves against the cold weather. He was very busy, and was not aware that he had visitors until he heard the jangle of breaking glass and the thump of hatchets upon wood. Turning hastily, he saw Miss Southard wrecking the cigar case and Carry Nation and Mrs. White cutting great gashes in the fine cherry bar. Tucker rushed upon them with a revolver in his hand, and when Carry Nation lunged at him and aimed a vicious blow at his head, he snatched her hatchet, fired two shots into the ceiling and departed hastily through the rear doorway. Carry Nation obtained another hatchet from Mrs. White and returned to the assault, shouting loudly again and again: "For your sake, Jesus!"



A WESTERN GROWTH

A contemporary cartoon from the National Magazine

She ran behind the bar and smashed the $500 mirror, and then with her hatchet raked the long row of bottles and decanters on the sideboard. She picked up the cash register, raised it high above her head and hurled it to the floor; she smashed the lock of the refrigerator and tore the doors from their hinges. She slashed the rubber tube which conducted the beer from the tanks to the faucets, and then, using the tube as a hose, sprayed the walls, ceiling and floor, as well as her own dress, with the foaming liquor. She overturned a slot-machine and smashed it with her hatchet, and with a sharp piece of iron opened the bungs of half a dozen kegs of beer, so that more liquor spattered upon her clothing and onto the floor. Miss Southard and Mrs. White performed similar prodigies of destruction, and the floor of the saloon was littered with wreckage and was almost ankle-deep in beer and whisky when a policeman sauntered in and said:

"Well, Sister Nation, I guess we'll have to arrest you again."

"All right," she replied. "You came just when I wanted you to."

She turned to Mrs. White and Miss Southard.

"Everything cleaned up, ladies?"

They assured her that everything breakable had been broken, whereupon she shouted:

"Glory to God! Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

With the embarrassed policeman at her side, she strode into the snowstorm and marched proudly up Kansas Avenue, and a large crowd which had gathered before the barroom shouted widly as she sang at the top of her voice:

Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.

At Police Headquarters a charge of inciting to riot was made against her, and a few hours later she was arraigned in Police Court before Judge Magaw, who began reading the law which dealt with the offense. But Carry Nation interrupted.

"You might as well read a novel to me as that stuff," she said. "It doesn't cover my case."

"Do you plead guilty?" asked the Judge.

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"If you're trying to ask me if I smashed that joint," said Carry Nation, "I rather think I did smash it."

Judge Magaw refused to accept this statement as a plea, and adjourned the case until February 7, advising her to employ counsel. She was released on $100 bail, which was provided by friends, and as soon as she was free, she hastened to send a telegram of congratulation to Wichita, where a score of women had that day publicly bought hatchets, and thirty special deputy sheriffs had been sworn in to protect the saloons and prevent rioting.

Several saloons whose owners had failed to obey the closing orders of Chief of Police Stahl were raided by the Topeka police of February 6, and that afternoon Carry Nation addressed large and turbulent crowds in front of the Royal Cafe, the Senate Bar, and at various points along Kansas Avenue. Her last speech of the day was delivered from the steps of the Post Office, and just as she concluded, and before the crowd had begun to disperse, a man ran into the street from a candy store and gave her a handful of little pewter hatchets.

"Sell these to the crowd, Carry, and you can pay your costs and fines this month," she said.

THE CROWD surged forward with yells of approval, and Carry Nation promptly offered the hatchets for sale as souvenirs. They were quickly disposed of at ten cents each. A few days later, recognizing the value of the idea, she arranged with a manufacturer in Providence, Rhode Island, for quantity production, and thereafter never appeared in public without a supply of miniature hatchets in a satchel slung over her shoulder. She sold them at various prices, ranging from twenty-five to fifty cents, throughout the United States, Canada and the British Isles, and the proceeds assured her economic security during the remainder of her life.

A dozen prominent Topeka women who were prepared to provide not only moral support but necessary bail bonds, accompanied Carry Nation when she went to the Police Court on the morning of February 7 for arraignment before Judge Magaw. She had expected to be found guilty and sentenced to jail, but, instead, all charges brought against her by police were dismissed on motion of the City Attorney, who said that there was no city ordinance under which she could be punished for wrecking joints. This left the prosecution of Carry Nation entirely in the hands of the state and county authorities, who had fixed her trial for February 14 in the District Court. Similar action was taken in Wichita, where she was under bond to appear before the March term of court.

Several Protestant ministers and half a dozen students of Washburn College, a Congregationalist institution, had volunteered to assist the Home Defenders in a raid which had been planned for the afternoon of February 7; Carry Nation, the preachers and boys, together with fifteen women armed with hatchets and crowbars, assembled in the office of Dr. Eva Harding, who had been active in prohibition work for many years. But the expedition was halted by the appearance of A. C. Rankin, a professional temperance lecturer, who a few days before had agreed to pay Carry Nation seven hundred dollars to make speeches under his management in Des Moines, Omaha, Chicago, and other cities. He now pointed out to her that the proposed assault upon the joints would jeopardize their plans, for if she were arrested again, as she certainly would be, she would lose both the money and the opportunity to extend her message to other states. Carry Nation promptly announced that the raid would be postponed indefinitely, whereupon a great tumult arose among the Home Defenders, many of whom had purchased new hatchets and were eager to use them. One cried:

"Mrs. Nation, you are a coward!"

"I'm not!" the crusader retorted. "Do you want to smash a joint right now?"

"Yes! I'm ready this minute!"

"Well, sister," said Carry Nation, "you must learn to conquer the sin of impatience."

She walked calmly out of the room with Rankin, and after much heated discussion the women abandoned their project.

DAVID NATION had hoped to become his wife's principal advisor when he hurried from Medicine Lodge to Topeka, but she had refused to accept either his advice or his assistance, and had relegated to him the unimportant task of sorting her mail and answering letters which did not demand her personal attention. When he learned of the proposed lecture tour, he plaintively expressed a desire to accompany her, and proudly exhibited a new blue suit. (He always wore his Grand Army uniform.) But she said to him:

"No, Papa. You are too old for this trip. You go back to Medicine Lodge and take care of the place while I am away."

So on February 8 Carry Nation left Topeka on her first lecture tour, accompanied by Rankin, the Rev. F. W. Emerson, and five women, including Miss Madeline Southard. Her route after leaving Topeka led her through southwestern Iowa, and her tour of that state was a veritable triumphal procession. Enormous and friendly crowds greeted her at Stuart, Atlantic, Adair and other towns, and as she leaned from the train platform women held up their babies to be kissed, and men fought for the privilege of shaking her hand and buying souvenir hatchets. More than five thousand persons packed the railroad station at Des Moines when she arrived during the late afternoon of February 9, and she was so impressed by their vociferous welcome that she announced her intention of rewarding them by smashing a saloon or two. But she changed her mind when the chief of police informed her that if she did so, she would be locked up and prosecuted to the full extent of the law, for barrooms operated legally in Iowa and were entitled to police protection.

WHILE Carry Nation was enjoying the favor of the great throngs which flocked to see her as she journeyed triumphantly through Iowa and Illinois, stirring events were occurring in Topeka, and the situation there was rapidly becoming so critical that many citizens seriously considered asking Governor Stanley to call out the militia to prevent the rioting and blood-shed that appeared almost inevitable. Store-keepers reported that scores of women were daily buying hatchets, axes and crow-bars; members of the State Temperance Union and of the W. C. T. U. paraded the streets wearing miniature hatchets and the white ribbons of their organizations; frequent meetings were held at which ministers of the Gospel lashed their hearers into fury with diatribes against liquor; and students of Washburne College, perhaps as eager for excitement as for the abolition of the barrooms, began the construction of a great three-hundred-pound battering ram, and announced their intention of joining the raiders whenever another expedition was organized to march against the saloons. And amid the grow-

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ing fervor of the temperance advocates, the saloon-keepers, with characteristic arrogance and stupidity, continued to operate their establishments at full blast, while Negro guards, armed with shotguns and clubs, swaggered back and forth before the doors and insolently threatened every woman who approached. The jointists reaped a temporary harvest of gold, for the barrooms were crowded night and day, but at the same time they sowed infinite trouble for the liquor traffic. They had no conception whatever of the enormous power that was solidly massed behind Carry Nation, and laughed incredulously when the extraordinary results of her campaign were set before them in the newspapers.

THE POSITION of the Topeka saloons, which had been insecure since that memorable day in June when Carry Nation's buggy rolled down the dusty road from Medicine Lodge to Kiowa, became even more precarious when, on February 7, seventy business men held a meeting and voted unanimously to employ force, if necessary, to rid the city of joints. This action was followed two days later by the announcement that one hundred men, all pledged to smash saloons, had been organized into ten companies of ten men each. The generalissimo of this temperance army was the Rev. Dr. J. T. McFarland, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. His principal lieutenants were C. R. McDowell, the Rev. M. T. McKirahan, and the Rev. F. W. Emerson. Dr. McFarland gave notice of a great mass meeting to formulate plans for an attack upon the barrooms.

This clarion call to arms by some of Topeka's most prominent citizens aroused tremendous enthusiasm among the temperance workers, and brought great perturbation to the opponents of the prohibition amendment; for it was clear that whether or not the gathering accomplished anything, such a display of force and indignation was certain to intimidate state and county officials, as well as members of the State Legislature. But the mass meeting was destined to have far-reaching results, and was of vast importance even if considered only as a stupendous endorsement of Carry Nation's methods. More than three thousand men crowded into the Auditorium, and when Chief of Police Stahl declared in a rousing speech that with proper judicial cooperation he could close the joints in twenty-four hours, they promptly, and unanimously, adopted a resolution asking Judge Charles A. Magaw to resign, and another demanding his removal from office by the City Council. Many of the men who stirred restlessly during the speeches were armed with hatchets and clubs, and there was much talk of immediately destroying the joints, and of burning the buildings which they occupied. But the counsel of cooler heads prevailed, and the meeting finally voted to warn the saloon-keepers to close the barrooms before noon of February 11, and to ship all bar fixtures and liquor out of Topeka before dusk of February 15. A special Committee of Public Safety, comprising A. H. Vance, H. R. Hilton, J. C. Smith, J. W. Gleed and Peter Heil, was appointed to notify the jointists, and to call upon the state and county authorities for a strict enforcement of the law. Chief Stahl also urged the liquor men to shut their doors, if for no other reason than their own safety.

FOR THE FIRST time since Carry Nation began her devastating march, the saloon-keepers were really frightened, and next morning the only open saloon in Topeka was Finney's Bar in Jefferson Street, which was closed by the police before noon. That evening six hundred citizens of Wichita held a similar mass meeting and demanded action by the state and county officials; and Mrs. A. M. Hutchinson, State President of the W. C. T. U., who had apparently revised her opinion of Carry Nation, broadcast a fiery message urging a general uprising against saloons throughout the state. As a retaliatory measure, the jointists attempted, though with scant success, to reorganize the Order of the Mystic Brotherhood, a militant society which had been popular when Kansas laws permitted drinking clubs, and for many years was active in the fight against the constitutional amendment. But during the next few days, when whisky and beer were actually almost unobtainable, Topeka was quiet, and the saloon-keepers went gloomily to work dismantling their barrooms and hauling away their fixtures and liquors.

Carry Nation returned to Topeka on the morning of February 14. She was arraigned soon thereafter in the District Court, but the hearing was adjourned until February 18, and her bond continued. She was greatly pleased to learn of the mass meeting and of the tremendous public support that her cause had gained, but she emphatically disapproved the peaceful methods of the Committee of Public Safety; she advocated more violence, and urged an immediate invasion of the joints and the destruction of the bars and liquor before they could be removed.

"We must smash these murder-mills!" she cried. "If we let them take away their poison they will sell it somewhere else and continue to murder souls."

But no one encouraged this attitude, and at length she agreed to postpone further direct action until the time limit fixed by the Committee's ultimatum had expired; and busied herself establishing a home in a building which she later purchased with the intention of giving it to the W. C. T. U. She set up her menage in two small rooms, but she had little money, and they were meagerly furnished; as they would have been, probably, had she possessed great wealth. For she accepted as a veritable command of God the Biblical injunction to abstain from lavish display and thoughts of pride and comfort. "I covet the humblest walk," she wrote. "I will not have a piece of fine furniture. I have no carpets on my floors. The little cupboard I use is made of a dry-goods box, with shelves in it, and a curtain in front. My dishes, all told, kitchen and dining-room, are not worth five dollars. This is what the poor have, and better than some have. It is good enough. It is better than my blessed Lord had. I desire nothing better. I would feel like a reprobate to fill my room with expensive furniture, using money that I could feed the hungry with, clothe the naked, doing things that would please my Lord. I used to delight in cut-glass, china, plush, velvet and lace. Now I can say vanity of vanity, all is vanity."

ON THE NIGHT of February 15, after a survey of the city, the Committee of Public Safety announced that all of the Topeka joints had been closed save two or three small places in outlying sections, and that the owners of these were so fearful of invasion that they operated with great caution, and were able to dispense only small quantities of liquor. But the Committee found that with the exception of forty barrels of whisky which had been shipped to Kansas City, the bar fixtures and stocks of liquor had not been sent out of Topeka, but had been stored in barns or otherwise concealed. In temperance circles there was wild rejoicing over the fact that the

(Please Turn to Page 637)

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New Security Exchanges

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

BY A CIRCULAR cumulative process the nation is being educated in securities trading and investment. In the growth of new stock exchanges, especially pronounced during the past year, may be found at the same time a cause and an effect of this education in the advantages of being part owner or creditor of industry.

It is 137 years since twenty-four brokers gathered under the immortal buttonwood tree at 68 Wall Street to form the first organized stock market in New York. Today New York's leadership as the securities market of the country is losing some of its eminence. With the center of population shifted some 800 miles westward, the need for organized trading facilities in the Middle West and on the Pacific coast is giving rise to new exchanges or new departments of old commodity exchanges. The result will be a returning flow of capital that had to find its market in the East, and the tapping of new sources of capital in central and far western towns and cities hitherto untouched.

The demand for trading machinery spurs opportunists to provide it. The availability of the machinery in turn creates new business.

A glance at the trading volume on the leading New York exchanges is sufficient to show the increasing interest of the public in this outlet for surplus capital. The first one-million-share day on the New York Stock Exchange was recorded in 1886. It was a record that stood for many years. Eight million shares were turned over during one session this year, and with the establishment of speedier ticker service soon, many prophets anticipate normal trading days not far from this figure. The four-million-share day has become a commonplace. The market even seems to have lost the seasonal swings of volume that characterized it in other years. Instead of the lazy mid-summer rest, July saw more than 93,000,000 shares change hands, with eleven days on which the total exceeded 4,000,000. In July last year, the turnover was 39,118,100. Eight years ago it was 9,324,100 for the whole month.

The New York Curb Exchange, transferred from the sidewalks of Broad Street to indoor quarters only eight years ago, set a new high record of 58,139,000 shares in July and even eclipsed its older brother on one or two days of boiling activity in utility company shares.

The prolonged bull market, of course, has been priceless advertising for the old exchanges. The wealth accumulated by individuals through prospering business has been drawn to these markets. Brokers have been waxing fat on commissions, increasing their office forces, and reaching out to new territory both in response to demand and to create demand. Out of town offices of Stock Exchange member firms increased from 399 in 1919 to 632 in 1926 and approximately 1,216 today. New York offices were increased from 101 in 1919 to 129 in 1926 and today number about 315. The total covers locations in 375 separate cities in 46 states and territories and four foreign countries. Three years ago only 272 cities were served in this way. It is even planned to place offices on the high seas to accommodate European travelers.

Keeping step with New York's growth, the exchanges in the West have expanded their business and their facilities. The Los Angeles Stock Exchange last year had a sales volume third largest in the nation and a value of transactions fourth largest. The Chicago Stock Exchange prepared for million-share-day capacity and established ticker service to important middle western cities. The Detroit Stock Exchange raised its weekly volume from less than 100,000 shares in 1927 to 500,000 in one week. The record of other exchanges is similar.

It was a natural step for commodity exchanges, with established trading facilities and brokers who were familiar with speculative transactions, to extend their activities to stocks. The New York Produce Exchange is generally credited with taking the initiative in creating a securities department. Last December it opened trading in securities previously enjoying only an over-the-counter market. Now it is handling not only its listed securities, but, by dint of prompt action, is capturing a part of the lucrative business developed in when-issued securities of companies listed elsewhere.

The New York Cotton Exchange, the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, the Maritime Exchange, the New York Coffee & Sugar Exchange and more recently the Chicago Board of Trade are falling into line, either with general securities departments or lists restricted to securities directly or indirectly connected with the special field of the exchange. The Board of Trade, long the king of commodity markets, has laid ambitious plans for handling security dealings. In advance of the opening of this business the price of memberships on the board has soared to a new record above $60,000. The duplication of memberships on the Board and on the Chicago Stock Exchange is leading to talk of a union of the two.

As a security exchange, the Board of Trade will find available its private wire system to 536 towns and cities, of which 226 are tapped exclusively by this system, without competition from any other quotation service. It is easy to visualize the volume of business there may be in this comparatively virgin territory.

All of this growth brings a few weaknesses as well as many points of strength. As we become a nation of investors, it means that whatever hurts the stock market hurts a great mass of individuals. Conversely, whatever helps industry, increases the prosperity of its millions of owners. For the individual, ownership of a listed security provides assets readily liquidated, stamped with the approval of investigators of its good faith, and with substantial collateral value.

For the corporation, listing opens a reservoir of capital savings which can be drawn upon for expansion; creates good will among its security holders; provides substantial free advertising through quotations and corporate news; and carries greater prestige to the company's name and its officers.

One real danger must be guarded against. The best protection lies in the character of the sponsors of all these new security exchanges. If in the search for business the listing requirements and standards of trading are lowered, the effect will be to make rosy the path of the conscienceless promoter.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Week's Reading

Homeplace. By MARISTAN CHAPMAN: Viking Press. $2.50. Published August 10.

READERS of *The Happy Mountain* will find in this new novel by the same author (or authors) the setting and some of the delightful characters of the earlier book. And they will find the thing which gave to the first book as it gives to this one its reason for being: the mountain dialect which bears slight plot and simple characterizations on its broad bosom as the mountains bear hard-tilled potato patches and wild azalea groves. The story of *Homeplace* is the story of lovely, willful Bess Howard and Fayre Jones, who wanted her and had neither name nor homeplace to offer. There is unwanted road-building in Glen Hazard, there is moonshining, there are feminine wiles and consequent masculine confusion, and there are the goodly thoughts of wise and happy people. The course of true love between Bess and Fayre runs to its good end with only just disturbance enough to make a tellable tale. The characters of the mountaineers whom the author knows and cherishes are an interesting illustration of the sometimes forgotten truth that simplicity and primitiveness are not synonymous. There is nothing primitive about these people. They have in their speech and conduct the reticence and delicacy of high culture. Their ways are the ways of people long settled in a beloved land. And their language gives more than a hint of what English must have been to use and hear in the first flush and vigor of its youth. As language, its present literary value is dubious. Of an even strength, it permits of no climaxes, no special emphasis. Furthermore, it is so exhilarating as pure language that books written in it are a philological delight and little else. This is not to deny the quiet charm of Maristan Chapman's tale and characters or the freshness of her descriptions. It is simply to place those things as secondary to the idiom which she uses. If this fine dialect is bound to be lost, it is fortunate that its flavor has been preserved in *The Happy Mountain and Homeplace.*

Lark's Fate. By JOHN OWEN: Lippincott. $2.50. Published August 2.

IN *Lark's Fate* a tragic theme of classic proportions is inadequately handled. It is the story of a simple fellow, a shepherd of the English downs, whose deepest instinct is to protect and sustain all life, and who has been taught by the War to kill. Robbed of his sweetheart by the typical villain of rustic tragedy, a handsome, ruthless bully and Lothario, and seeing her cast aside for further conquests, he moves in a ghastly dream between forgiving and killing until the day when the weapon lies too ready at hand and he kills and hangs for it. English mysticism, a mixture of primitive and Christian religious teachings, and a symbolic plan almost too closely followed mark the book. And sentimentality mars it. With the exception of the shepherd, the nurse, Hannah, a powerful figure, and the little boy who shoots the lark with a catapult and whose belief that he has not killed it the shepherd labors touchingly to sustain, the characters are types, all good or all bad. And the setting, which should have been broadly used to suggest the universal, is cramped to the particular and becomes only local color. Reading the book, with its unkept promise of power and beauty, one feels that the author has conceived a subject fit for a great novel, but has been hopelessly handicapped in execution by a light-fiction technique.

AMERICAN LITERATURE

An illustration by Constantin Aladjalov from Pep, by Lion Feuchtwanger (Viking Press)

Sense and Sensuality. By SARAH SALT: Payson and Clarke. $2.50. Published August 8.

THIS BOOK, with its ill-chosen title, is another brief and lurid tale of post-War youth in London in much the same vein as *Sleeveless Errand,* and not half so well written. The abrupt, disconnected style, appropriate enough to the subject, aiming at clipped severity and icy detachment and achieving only jerkiness and ill-concealed emotionalism, is familiar to all who read the fiction of today. The story is short and sad. Richard and Laura Lavender are a supersensitive pair for whom modern life is too confused and hard. They adore each other, but dare not be old-fashioned. Love affairs and indifference are correct in their circle: but the second is not so easy to achieve as the first. Loving each other, they suffer from that out-moded feeling, jealousy. So do their playmates, who love for keeps but philander for fun, and suffer forever. Laura, more fortunate than most, dies at the very beginning of her suffering. *Sense and Sensuality* is rather an expanded sketch than a novel. Short story technique is evident in it. Few of these novels of modern youth

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have any literary significance. But there is a sound moral in every one which depicts the struggle of the sophisticated mind to subdue the eternally simple heart.

Pep. By Lion Feuchtwanger, translated by Dorothy Thompson: Viking Press. $2. Published August 10.

Satire, blasting and perfectly acute, is in these verses by the well-known novelist who played a hoax upon the Berlin public by sending them to a newspaper as J. L. Wetcheek's *American Song Book,* the supposed work of an American resident, abroad. The translation has been made by the wife of Sinclair Lewis, and the influence of that teacher is perceptible in the work of his friend. Feuchtwanger's jibes at American minds, manners and morality are scurrilous, but well merited. And the illustrations are most appropriate. But the little book won't strike the spot where it would do the most good.

Coucou. By Evelyn Pember: Houghton, Mifflin. $2. Published Aug. 2.

"Coucou" is another novel in which the author, adept at characterization and atmosphere, brings a group of people forcibly together and in the outworking of the slightest sort of plot manages to establish their personalities firmly and to sketch their life-stories briefly. Mademoiselle Coucou is a vivid, tragic Pippa, who comes from the unknown into a little provincial hotel in France, where assorted English people stay, who remains a mystery to every one, whose very appearance throws each onlooker into a sort of spiritual tumult, and whose strange, sad departure leaves no one quite as he had been before. There is tenderness, penetration and humor in the story; the pension scene is excellently suggested, with French types to balance the British ones; and the characterizations are deft. The author has decided literary gifts, but lacks the novelist's necessary interest in sustained drama, active or passive.

Frances Lamont Robbins.

Errant Husbands

Lanes Lead to Cities. By Georgina Garry: Dutton. $2.50.

American Colony. By Charles Brackett: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

Sacrifice. By Owen Johnson: Longmans Green. $2.

In an earlier novel, *Pigsties with Spires,* Georgina Garry wrote with much shrewdness about a kept woman. That book showed such talent for creative writing that the utter disregard for style, the frequent banalities of expression were a matter for surprise and regret. Miss Garry has taken more pains with her new book, and so *Lanes Lead to Cities* has fewer phrases that reek of the tabloids to annoy the reader. And the author's definite gift for vital characterization and for the devising of plausible and moving situations is again arresting. In Georgina Garry we would have a fine writer—if she would only learn to write! Why does a writer of her resources again use suicide as the way out of a dilemma? The wandering husband of *Lanes Lead to Cities* returns to his young wife, the sweetheart of his boyhood; and then to make the world safe for wedded bliss, the "other woman" is murdered by "the other man," who then takes his own life. Must marital fidelity be assured by such gestures?

Charles Brackett has a perfectly swell time with the promiscuous crowd that makes up the "American Colony" of a Riviera town. There is neither rhyme nor reason to his tale; but so much the better; his picture of the rattle-pated group is all the more convincing for being "scrambled" like the brains of Nancy, the youngest and most forlorn of Mr. Brackett's sinners. In *American Colony* we have a quite faithful husband going out grimly to commit adultery with a prostitute, partly because he is annoyed by his wife's gift for telling too funny stories too well, and partly in the over-the-top determination to do his bit for the society in which he moves. In the small hours he returns to his wife's side with a profound sense of duty done. "He felt purified. . . . He felt he had been tried and not found wanting." Dragged

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

Brentano's, *New York;* Scrantoms, Inc., *Rochester;* Korner & Wood, *Cleveland;* Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney, *St. Louis;* Kendrick Bellamy Co., *Denver;* Teolin Pillot Co., *Houston;* Paul Elder & Co., *San Francisco;* Norman Remington Co., *Baltimore;* Emery Bird Thayer, *Kansas City;* Miller's Book Store, *Atlanta.* Bullock's, *Los Angeles;* Marshall Field & Co., *Chicago;* Stewart Kidd, *Cincinnati;* J. K. Gill, Co., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

Visitors to Hugo, by Alice Rosman: Minton Balch. A gay summer story with an ingenious plot and pleasant characters. Reviewed July 3

The Laughing Queen, by E. Barrington: Dodd, Mead. This imaginative romance of Cleopatra is vivid in atmosphere and characterzation.

Fish Preferred, by P. G. Wodehouse: Doubleday, Doran. The loss of a scandalous manuscript and a prize pig, and the efforts of Fish and Carmody to recover those valuables and get money to marry their girls provide the side-splitting complications in one of Wodehouse's funniest yarns

Kristin Lavransdatter, by Sigrid Undset: Knopf The sombre and poetic trilogy of mediaeval Norway, one of the great contemporary novels, in a one volume edition.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

Mansions of Philosophy by Will Durant: Simon and Schuster. Durant is good enough as a popular historian of Philosophy but of small stature as a philosopher, himself. Reviewed June 19.

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8.

Salt Water Taffy, by Corey Ford: Putnam. A funny if over-long parody of the "Cradle of the Deep."

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

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into the book by the hair of the head is the caricature of a New York dramatic critic whose whole-souled obscenity has become one of the traditional joys of Manhattan aisles. Mr. Brackett's diverting and sufficiently scandalous chronicle of a community where "every bed seems to be equipped with a dictaphone" will provide not-so-innocent merriment for the most torrid week-end.

Owen Johnson's triangle becomes quadrilateral mid-way in his new novel, *Sacrifice*. The Barings are charming, amiable people, worldly and gay, but by no means unprincipled, and certainly holding no brief for the general laxity of some fashionable sets. Both adore their children and enjoy their home, even as you and I. Moreover they have every kind of love and respect for one another that a man and woman can have, except the one kind which makes marriage endurable. When Sabina learned of her husband's desire for freedom to marry another woman, she offered, with casual regret, to divorce him. But after an accident to their son, she exacted from the father a promise not to break up the home while the children needed both parents. She makes the same promise easily, only to fall into her own trap when a genuine passion comes belated into her hitherto poised and temperate life. Mr. Johnson has written a sane, sympathetic and interesting study of two fine human beings who reach some measure of peace and philosophy only as they approach middle-age—very much after the formula of St. Thomas Aquinas, who recommended that those who would find peace first forego desire. Whether all the mutual torture and sacrifice inflicted and endured by the Barings was worthwhile is for each reader of *Sacrifice* to determine according to the light that is given him.

MARY SHIRLEY.

Picked at Random

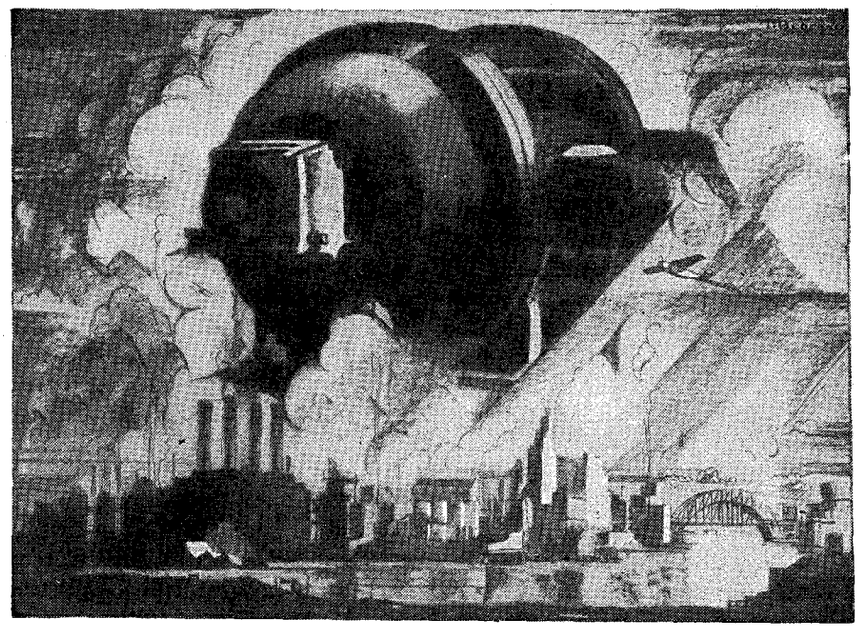
By WALTER R. BROOKS

Otto Lutken's Congo Gods Coward-McCann

This translation from the Danish tells how Lucien, clerk in the stationery department of a Brussels store, went out to the Congo and became the obtuse angle of a triangle, the other two angles of which were black. There is Masua, who dreamed of overthrowing the whites and founding a black Empire, and Yaja, the comeliest girl in the Congo, and the gallant Colonel Bangsbo and various others, white and black, who influence Lucien's life until he escapes during the final massacre of the whites and goes back to Belgium, which he should never have left in the first place. A slight but interesting story by a man who knows the country and the people.

P. G. Wodehouse's Fish Preferred Doubleday Doran

Amusing, of course, this light hearted tale of the difficulties that beset the loves of Ronnie Fish and his Sue, and of Hugo Carmody and his Millicent. And a pretty kettle of fish it turns out to be before the end, what with Lord Emsworth's stolen pig and The Hon. Galahad's stolen manuscript, and the indignation of Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, and the machinations of P. Frobisher Pillbeam and a few other things. It's what used to be called "summer reading," but we believe it would be just as funny in December as it is in August.



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Canada, Great Britain, and the United States, in Recent Books

TO THOSE who believe that the future welfare of the world is largely bound up in the mutual relations of the various nations of the Anglo-Saxon world, it is comforting to have at hand a group of sensible books which present a pretty fair composite picture of Canada, Great Britain and the United States. Their appearance, moreover, fortunately coincides with the broad movement for Anglo-American rapprochement initiated by the Dawes-MacDonald naval conversations.

Hugh L. Keenleyside's *Canada and the United States* is a very refreshing and candid study of Some Aspects of the History of the Republic and the Dominion. (Knopf. $4.) Mr. Keenleyside has a broad background of American scholastic experience and has recently entered the Canadian Department of External Affairs. His quiet, objective attitude towards Canadian-American relations promises him a distinguished career in the new Dominion diplomatic service.

He has no particular illusions about "that long unguarded frontier" which, incidentally, can never be said to be unguarded so long as the British have a Navy and the seas lap our coasts for five thousand miles. He sets out with the assumption that we know little and care less about Canada and that the Canadians know a good deal about us and care very little for us. Here is the truth that never gets into the after-dinner speeches. The fruit of historical sins is bitter and we committed a national crime in our treatment of the Tories after our Revolution. They went to Canada, became United Empire Loyalists and initiated a tradition of hatred for the United States excelling even our own tradition of hatred for England. So the two nations have gone on, the Canadians expecting our rotten political institutions to blow up, and the Americans expecting the Dominion to drop into our laps like an over-ripe apple. We have fought each other, taken advantage of each other's adversities, raided each other's territories, put spokes in each other's wheels, and squabbled over boundaries, fisheries, water, canals, prohibition and tariffs. At the same time huge numbers of Americans have settled in Canada, huge numbers of Canadians in America. Our participation in the World War carried us farther apart. The Canadians despised us for our neutrality and expected us to behave like a loyal British Dominion about the war debts. We claimed that we "won the war" when we only decided it, and so on. For the future, Mr. Keenleyside sees the two nations continuing to develop separate nationalities and divergent, but complementary, policies. There is room for us both, he feels, on the North American continent.

In only two points does he stand in need of historical correction. He attributes the War of 1812 to the "imperialism" of the Western pioneers. Strict impartiality would assign much of the blame to Britain's attempt to hold onto the fur territory and to duplicate the old French policy of hemming the colonists back from the Lakes. We fought British Canada in 1812 for the same reason that the British fought French Canada in 1756. On the other hand, he attributes to every American a deep-seated desire for annexation. This is inaccurate. Many Americans would agree that a more intimate economic union of the two countries would be natural and logical, but even in this development, powerful agrarian and industrial influences would be at variance, while politically it would be a calamity for us if Canada ceased to stand in its peculiar position as the ex officio "buffer state" between us and the British Empire.

Speaking of the British Empire, Robert L. Schuyler's *Parliament and the British Empire,* (Columbia University Press. $3.75) demonstrates on legalistic grounds that the American colonists were quite wrong in their theory that Parliament had no right to tax them without representation. I think that Mr. Schuyler will find that the colonists objected not so much to tax-levying as to tax-collection. They were, in other words, "scofflaws" of a most mischievous sort and invented the fine old American tradition of nullification, which has filled the Constitution with sonorous spaces. The Canadians and the British call it lawlessness; we call it liberty. Both are probably right. At any rate, the old England has changed. We, by revolting, taught England how not to govern an Empire. That is a truism. What is not known so well over here is how far that marvellous people have changed. Philip Guedalla's *Slings and Arrows. Sayings Chosen from the Speeches of the Right Honorable David Lloyd George* (Harper's $3.50) is an admirable illustration of the altered character of British statesmanship. Political oratory is generally stale stuff, but I defy anyone to read Lloyd George's speeches in defense of his budget in 1909—the famous budget that caused all the British aristocracy to wish him at the bottom of the sea and nearly precipitated a revolution—without a tingling of the spirit. Here is power, brilliance, impetus and the splendor of an imagery warmed by human sympathy and genuine humor. The magnetism and the force of a man fighting for a social ideal expressed in concrete governmental terms is there. Nothing quite like it since Burke has been heard. The book is worth reading from cover to cover; it is the monument to a statesman.

From Lloyd George to Chicago is a wide sweep, but it marks the antithesis of Anglo-American political life. Charles Edward Merriam's *Chicago. A More Intimate View of Urban Politics* (Macmillan. $3.50) is a sane, humorous and convincing exposition of how Chicago got that way and why. Professor Merriam does not despair of Chicago politics, he understands them; he knows the good as well as the bad side, the philanthropists as well as the bosses. And he gently reminds New York and Philadelphia that their own political life is not what it might be. He sees Chicago as the illustration and victim of our Americanization policies and of our economic opportunities. Crime, mixed population, bootlegging, "rackets," Big Bill the Builder, Sam Insull—himself an Englishman—and Scarface Al are in the same vat with the Armours, Rosenwalds, and Fields. What will come out of the vat, Professor Merriam does not pretend to know, but he is sure that it will be distinctive and American.

To those who like to hear an occasional good word spoken for America even as it is, Chesla C. Sherlock's *The World's Debt to the United States* is a welcome change from the usual debt and culture diatribes. Mr. Sherlock feels that the world is actually better off for our existence, economically, commercially, culturally. He even runs over the list of trifles we have contributed to civilization: the cotton gin, the reaper, the "combine", the telephone; our political ideals, which have influenced the development of the British Empire, the Soviet Union and the European and South American Republics; our poets, architects, writers, and so on. The book is a little naïve, with italics, shriek-

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marks and rows of significant dots, but it is what thousands of innocent Americans believe in its insistence that we have reason to be proud of the part we have played in world-development.

However, there is a shade too much complacency in all such enumerations. The Old World was young once, itself, and didn't do so badly by the world at large. Many of us will be fair enough to agree with Lloyd George in his fine New York speech on November 3, 1923:

"The earth quivers in Europe, and no one can tell how far it has been shocked out of its course. Don't be hard on Europe. Europe has played a great part. There would have been no America had there been no Europe to find it. You have got a great virile population. It came from Europe. You have got great names that inspire your people, and will continue to do so world without end — George Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Lincoln. They all sprang from European stock. Your free institutions in this country—and well you may be proud of them—the long struggle for civil and religious equality, came from the long agony of Europe. May I say with reverence, when the Cross was run out of Asia and hunted out of Africa, Europe stood by it, carried it through the Via Dolorosa of the Dark Ages, and if it is planted firmly on American soil, Europe carried it here. Don't be hard on Europe!"

JOHN CARTER.

America on Wheels

(Continued from Page 605)

pleasure as well as his means of locomotion, is now reserved for cities. To buy a package of cigarettes at the filling station no more than three hundred yards up the road, the country people near me found it necessary to get out the car. During my roadside summer the only persons to come to my door on foot were drummers, peddling magic soap powder, magazines, gadgets, and the inevitable brushes. They walked to inspire my sympathy; their cars were waiting for them around the bend.

The tale of litter has become part of American folklore and is by no means told along the highways alone. Any public park, at sundown on a hot Sunday, cries it aloud. Yet there is a difference. The city hires its park cleaning done; supposedly, therefore, the citizen helps pay for the removal of his empty bottles, food scraps, cans, and the rest. Whereas, when my front yard threatened to become buried in trash, I had to do the cleaning up myself.

True, the motorist along my highway —filling stations to the right of him, and "broilers," "crank case service," "try our ice cold watermelon," "fresh cut flowers," "auto-camp," "old reliable apple cider," "guinea pigs for sale" to the left of him—had little incentive to cleanliness. With rows of crudely-lettered signs, dumping grounds, unkempt buildings and booths assailing his eyes, and the scent of hot asphalt, gasoline, frying onions, decaying fruit and vegetables inviting his nostrils, it is small wonder that he felt as though he were driving through a slum and acted accordingly.

There was a lovely blue and purple mountain, as well as a spot of water and a strip of the Connecticut Valley in the distance. His mind was too occupied with the road and with the merits of advertised products to take them in. There were fine old New England farmhouses along the turnpike. Flanked by towering billboards, encroached upon by soft-drink or fresh-vegetable stands—many of the vegetables, I noticed, were brought out from the city in large trucks—placarded with announcements that tourists were accommodated or dogs were boarded or antiques were sold, or else forlornly "For Sale," they hardly presented a picture of peaceful and ordered life. It was noticeable, by the way, that many of the better-looking houses, both new and old, close to the highway of which I write, bore the "For Sale" legend.

Yet I do not believe that the average motorist would have changed the appearance of that highway if he could have done so. I believe that, if he had any feeling about it at all, it was one of pleasure. The road was smooth and perfect for speeding, provided that there was room to speed; gas stations were frequent and accessible, refreshments varied and cheap. There is a movement on foot, I understand, to improve aesthetic conditions along State roads —to restrict billboard advertising and encourage builders of gas stations, soft drink stands, and roadhouses to read up on architecture. In the latter case, particularly, I doubt a beautification movement could make much headway.

When it comes to eating, the roadside salesman knows his clientele far better than does the apostle of beauty. He knows that the average motorist is timid, suspicious, and poor. Two hundred yards apart, along my road, were a fearsome Spanish-type quick-lunch stand, obviously inexpensive despite the pretension of its orange-colored stucco, and one of the ubiquitous long, narrow dining cars—Sam's Diner. The call of Spain drew one carload of customers to Sam's ten. Further along was an attractive, well-run Colonial tearoom with tables placed on a screened porch and a small sign in front. Its owners barely made ends meet, while they sat and watched the steamy activity of a garish open-air resturant across the way.

Motorists would take no chances on pleasant surroundings where they might be gypped, embarrassed, and over-fastidiously fed. They wanted to see what was going on before entering, to make sure that the dining-room was busy and filled with plain people like themselves. They wanted to know that they could have genuine Rhode Island clam chowder for fifteen cents, fresh hamburg on buttered roll for ten, or an old-fashioned chicken dinner complete for seventy-five—to know because they had been told so forthrightly on large colored placards at the entrance.

As I lived longer by the open road, I ceased to marvel at its atmosphere, its appearance, and its *mores*. It had been made by and for the motorist; I felt that, unless the motorist himself were to change radically, its condition was fairly permanent. It goes without saying that there are persons of a better type using State roads than those who happened into my yard. But I never saw them. There are, of course, great numbers of Americans who can afford their cars, who drive them skilfully and sanely, who object to the glare, the clamor, and the ugliness through which they pass. But they are invisible in the great, careless, motion-intoxicated throng. Why, then, should roadside entrepreneurs be concerned with them?

No, if the poet must live in his house by the side of the road in 1929, he had best come out of his back room. He had best enter into the spirit of the thing, for it will be worse before it's better, and no one will care how he feels about it, anyhow. Let him get a car and learn to drive it indifferently well, so that he will be less disturbed by noise and less upset by accidents. Let him take long rides on Sundays and holidays, so that, sharing the motorist's superiority complex, and, in the stress of heat and traffic, acquiring the motorist's permanent grudge against the rest of the human race, he may develop the prevalent bad manners. Then let him fasten a large sign over his gate: "Poet Inside—Fresh Sonnets Thirty-Five Cents—Drive In."

He will not become a friend to man, that is certain. But at least he and man will understand each other.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

WE were sent scurrying to the Cort Theatre the other evening by the news from the West Coast, reprinted in the New York papers, that *The Jade God* was being produced in California, with the, to us, incredible ballyhoo that it was one of the sensations of Broadway. Such had not hitherto been our impression; and yet, we remembered certain instances in which New York productions had not been accorded their just due by local newspapers: *The Ivory Door,* to choose one. So we journeyed on a hot evening to find out for ourselves.

We were not reassured by the quotation in the program—from the novel on which the play is based. *"The Jade God. . . .* Whoever keeps it will be cursed. . . . Joy will die for him. . . . Fear will come. . . . Love will be changed to hate. . . . Sacrifices must be made before it." It could not be possible that the play was going to be like that.

Well, to be just about it, it isn't. It is pretty good. We found no evidences of a reigning sensation in the half-filled theatre; but it was a comfortable audience and we arrived just in time to see the curtain go up on a dark stage, where in a twinkling of the eye a gentleman, seated at a desk in a room quite dark except for one green light, was most swiftly and unexpectedly and gruesomely murdered at the hands of two shadowy figures, urged on in the background by a medical student's human skeleton, which appeared from behind a screen outlined in horrible phosphoresence. Whereupon the curtain descended again before we had even put down our hat, leaving us amid a properly gasping and horror-struck audience.

Impossible, of course. And yet, when the curtain rose again on the same scene (only this time most brightly lighted) we could not help but allow ourselves to be gripped by a certain suspense. At some time or other, we were perfectly certain, that awful skeleton was going to appear again, and whoever happened to be in the room was going to be gruesomely murdered. And you know how swiftly they turn the lights off and on in these mystery plays.

What's more, the dialogue disclosed almost at once that the house was being rented by a gentleman and his sister, who were intent upon finding out who had been the murderer of the original occupant; and was looked after by two most unpleasant and quite unreal servants, who looked to us like murderers anyway—although, of course, we knew they could not be the culprits for precisely that reason. Followed an influx of policemen, fakirs from India, beautiful adventuresses, until for the first night of occupancy of such a dwelling, there was gathered a crowd from which we ourselves would most certainly have fled.

The hero we saw, however, seemed to welcome this aggregation with a lack of sense which displayed itself at times throughout the entire play. We counted at least seven times when his exposed back was ready for the murderer's knife; he was hypnotized at least twice, apparently, and didn't know it; and whenever there was the slightest danger he turned off all the lights and left us waiting for that horrible skeleton. In fact, our main grievance against *The Jade God* is that that skeleton never did reappear again. Instead everything turned out quite differently—as is proper in mystery drama.

Aside from its impossibility and a certain inability to make up its mind whether it is genuinely a psychological mystery play, swayed by mysterious, hypnotic influences from the East, or just a plain detective horror—aside from these things, *The Jade God* can give you a pretty horrible evening; and by horrible, we mean shudderingly pleasant.

We won't tell how it turns out, because the mystery, while not very difficult to solve, still provides the dash of uncertainty that is necessary in such an entertainment; and an entertainment it actually is.

As an instance of what effective aid suspense can be to even a rather badly constructed and impossible play, it is most interesting. As for being a Broadway sensation, we are afraid that is one of the dreams of the press agent. What the West Coast may think of it, we don't know.

For one thing, the cast there may be better. In the New York production nobody stands out pre-eminently for talent, despite the program blurb about one of the actors who—so we are told—takes two hours to transform his features to the needs of the rôle. As a comedy policeman, Stanley Harrison, in the rôle of Inspector Burke, is too much like Frank Daniels of *Wizard of the Nile* fame to carry any conviction as an English constable—which to a certain extent destroys the reality of the play. With a better cast, *The Jade God* might be excellent entertainment. As it is, it is good summer fare and not much more.

F. R. BELLAMY.

Religion and Science

(Continued from Page 619)

they did not square with experience, they always gave way, though their defeats and withdrawals, by a skilful use of the alibi, were sought to be metamorphosed into victories—moral victories.

Science has risen as the comprehensive synthesis of objective experience. Under its bright and hot rays, phantasies and verbal manifestations have evaporated. It is not the solid ground that is volatilized. Then the formulas have been altered to correspond to reality; and every time this has taken place, the conception of the Mystery has been refined. Successive approximations have been made toward the truth. The Mystery itself has, in the process, become ever more colossal and awe-inspiring. If the conferring of refinement is a friendly function, even though it involves faithful wounds, then science is the best friend religion—if it means the progressive apprehension of this environing Mystery—has ever had.

The sense of this Mystery has been called, by recourse to metaphor, the agnostic's religion. Such turns of phrase are dangerous, and it is well to stick to the common usage. For the present, then "religion" means "my creed." The relation of science to religion, on that understanding, is that of an enforcer of adjustment to reality—to the realities by which we all live, whether or not we hold them to be sordid.

But no one likes to change and adjust under duress. Least of all does mankind like to think. Hence science is likely to be visited with resentment and assumed to be hostile to religion, as in the past. Much discomfort and discipline must ensue before it will be seen that pain, as a signal of maladjustment, is really salutary.

If there is ever an adjusting religion, science will be about as hostile to it as a good medical adviser, who knows when to counsel an operation and when to let his patient alone.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Single Standard"

THIS IS a weak, piffling, wretched picture—and we earnestly recommend that you see it. Because its star is Greta Garbo, the Girl Who Has Everything.

What Greta Garbo does to the part of Arden Stuart is one of the most amazing things in the annals of screen pantomime. Arden Stuart is an Arlenish, Glynish sort of character, created by Adela Rogers St. John—but never you mind that. As Miss Garbo plays her, she is created by Greta Garbo, and she's worth walking all night to see.

It would be interesting to know what the Queen of the Movies thought of the rôle she was to play in *The Single Standard*. Did she realize its vapidity and decide to work extra hard? Did she, by chance, like the character? Are all parts the same to her? Whatever the answer, here is a miracle of make-believe—the crowning triumph of an extraordinary career. Arden Stuart is her greatest rôle to date.

In Nils Asther and John Mack Brown Miss Garbo has two able supporters. Mr. Asther is cast as Packy Cannon, an artist, ex-sailor and ex-prize-fighter. He could have been an artist and he *might* have been an ex-sailor. Mr. Brown is splendid as the steady young man Arden marries after Cannon (for reasons entirely obscure to this movie goer) gives her the ozone.

John S. Robertson directed *The Single Standard* and for some of the excellences of Miss Garbo's performance he should undoubtedly get credit. For example: the best scene in the picture is laid in a cabin on Cannon's schooner yacht. Cannon has just told Arden that she is taking his mind off his painting (the big pansy!) and that he is going to sail her back to San Francisco and put her ashore. He has just brains enough to be upset and nervous at the thought of losing her. She, who is That Way about him something fierce, is standing beside a wash-bowl as he tells her of his so-called decision. With the abstraction of a dawning agony, she fills the bowl with water and begins to wash her hands. Then, as the tears come welling up, she bends over the bowl and washes her hair. Mr. Asther, with the proper mixture of tenderness and brusquerie, helps her dry it—and thus is achieved one of the most adroit bits of screen business.

For this, and other sequences, the man behind the megaphone must have his due. For what he has made out of *The Single Standard*, Mr. Robertson is, in fact, entitled to a big hand. He had a poor enough foundation to build on, Heaven knows.

But then—he had Greta Garbo.

"Evangeline"

OF EDWIN CAREWE'S penchant for beautiful scenes and fine photography, we have spoken before and he lives up to a well-earned reputation in these particulars with his direction of *Evangeline*.

We don't care for Dolores Del Rio, we care less for Roland Drew and we found the entire continuity of *Evangeline* somewhat more dismal and soporific than Mr. Longfellow's original; but the really breath-taking beauty of Acadia, the infinite majesty of the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks" went very, very far towards offsetting the ever-mounting boredom that threatened to suffuse us. Through scene after scene of sheer loveliness (the river pictures are perfectly extraordinary)—Miss Del Rio, suffering chastely, pursues Mr. Drew, only to find that he has just checked out, leaving no forwarding address. One wonders, sleepily, why she is so set on finding him.

If you thought well of *Ramona* you will find *Evangeline* as good, if not better. It's a silent picture, except for some acceptable singing by the star—if it is by the star.

Recommended

Bulldog Drummond: Ronald Colman turns out to be the talking screen's biggest find. The dialog is by Sidney Howard and the whole thing is perfectly swell.

On With the Show: A big girl-and-music talkie, all in natural colors and with a surprisingly liberal amount of plot, comedy and real eye-appeal. Well worth your while.

Drag: Richard Barthelmess and Lila Lee in an all-talkie that will keep you interested and amused from beginning to end. An unusual picture.

The Valiant: It will make you cry, and it's probably just hokum, but you should see Paul Mum's splendid performance in a very ticklish rôle.

The Broadway Melody, Madame X, The Trial of Mary Dugan, The Divine Lady, Coquette, The Iron Mask. Wherever they play they're still good.

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

THE LEADING article of the next issue will be "The Law: Trade or Profession" by Mr. Milton MacKaye, a frequent contributor to The Outlook and Independent and an associate of the *New York Evening Post.* Mr. MacKaye's article contains a vigorous criticism of the decline of the ethical standards of the legal profession which he considers has taken place in our large cities. Although severe, Mr. MacKaye's criticism is not merely destructive. He also considers the remedies proposed by various bar associations and individual lawyers.

THE DISTINGUISHED contributor to the editorial page. of the next issue will again be Dr. Isaiah Bowman, director of the American Geographical Society and author of *The New World.* In his editorial Dr. Bowman discusses the value of modern exploration in relation to economic development.

SOME CRITICS to the contrary notwithstanding, America knows more about the rest of the world than the rest of the world knows about America. Judging from the increase in numbers and size of press associations and government departments, Mr. Oliver McKee Jr. in an article, "We Become World-Conscious," concludes that Main Street is discovering the world. Mr. McKee is Washington correspondent for the *Boston Evening Transcript.*

THAT THE Negro remains a concept and not a human being to many Americans is the conclusion reached by George Chester Morse in an article. "The Fictitious Negro," appearing next week. In analyzing the literature relating to the modern Negro, Mr. Morse, who has studied his race, denies that the Negro has a tendency to revert to savagery.

CARRY NATION'S successful attack on Topeka aroused so much enthusiasm throughout Kansas that she herself could not appreciate the magnitude of her victory. The next installment of Herbert Asbury's "The Story of Carry Nation" describes the violence that accompanied the drying up of the rest of the state, notably in Winfield where Civil War, together with arson, the poisoning of wells and the profanation of churches lasted for more than a week.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THE UTILITY chest is a supplement to the wardrobe, dresser, or whatever you keep your clothes in, and is designed to assist you in dressing quickly. It has compartments for stockings, shoes, gloves, handkerchiefs, hats and so on. There is a mirror-lined top, so that the chest, which is about as high as a table, can be used as a dressing table. It is light in weight, but durable, and is covered with composition oilcloth in attractive patterns, so that it can be cleaned easily with a damp cloth. There are chests for men, for women, and for infants. If you have to change hurriedly, it helps to have everything you need in one place, properly sorted.

AT WANAMAKER'S we've seen a collection of 18th Century Alcora tiles from Spain, which were amusing and highly decorative. Eight inches square, they represent various birds, humorously drawn in blue, brown and yellow on a white background. We don't know just what you'd use them for, but even if you haven't anything in mind, we believe they'd suggest uses for themselves if you saw them.

HERE'S AN apron you can throw away after it's dirty. Made of waterproof fiber in plain tan, or with colored dots on a tan ground. Swell for dirty jobs that you don't like to approach in a good apron.

THE PANTRIETTE is an all metal, rust and insect proof unit which will sit on a table or fit under a shelf or in a kitchen cabinet. It has separate bins, or rather channels, for dry groceries, and a handle at the end of each bin or channel releases sugar, salt, or whatever. It takes less space than the individual containers, and is thoroughly sanitary. It comes in a number of different sizes from 19½ to 48 inches long, the bins being 4 to 9 inches long. Nice for apartment housekeeping.

A NEW ONE to us was the Duette, a home dry cleaning contraption,—a corrugated white enameled metal container which revolves on a small stand. Neat, simple and inexpensive, and a good way of cutting down dry cleaners' bills. Shake up the contents for a couple of minutes and they come out clean and fresh.

SMALL CHAIRS for children have always been made, but they used to be considered as toys for the children to play with rather than as necessary for their health and comfort. Nowadays it is recognized that it is a bad thing for a child to sit in a grown-up's chair, with feet dangling and back and shoulders a long way from the back of the chair Chairs are being made which give real support through proper seat construction and back adjustment. We have seen children's chairs made by Derby and Company which are worth your attention if you have a small child, and particularly if that child's posture is a matter of concern.

The same company makes a specialty of the manufacture of correct posture chairs for use in industrial plants.

THE ERSTWHILE cross word fan is, we are told, now turning to the anagram for his puzzlement. A new game book called "Show 'Em Up In Anagrams," has been brought out by Payson and Clarke, in which you are shown how to change the letters of names to describe the character of the person. Andrew Volstead becomes "Sad over wet land," and Senator Heflin: "Lo! He rants fine!" The side margins of the pages in this book are perforated into squares, each containing a letter in the name of a celebrity to be anagrammed by the reader.

If you think it's easy, however, to take the name of some friend and twist it into a biting description of his faults, remember that there are 479,000,000 possible arrangements of letters in a twelve-letter word, and pick a friend whose first name is Ed, if possible, and whose last name is not more than three letters. If you have a friend whose name is Maximilian Vandergrift Cuykendahl, for example, you'd better lay off him, or else try to get him in some other way.

For ourself, we get too much puzzlement out of writing this page to get really excited over anagrams. But we understand that many other celebrated men have gone in for them, so perhaps we'll take 'em up later on. There was Rabelais and Poe and Voltaire, and Louis XIII even appointed a Royal Anagrammist at his court, but to our mind this latter is a cheap way of doing things. Louis just hired his anagrams done for him. If we go in for them we'll do 'em ourself.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Marvel

THE WINDOW of the city bedroom was enormous. But there was very little to be seen out of it. No bird ever beat its wings against the shining glass; not a flower blew past it.

Nothing. Absolutely nothing but staring windows across the street, staring back at you out of stone.

He had been lying in bed for hours. It had been daylight when they left him there. First he had watched the hard gray face of the window, and then the air, punching its fists into the window curtains as though it had to get in. This was the time of day when strange things happened—things there were no words to tell about, that the big ones never saw. Rabbits came and sat upon his bed and talked out loud, lifting and drooping their ears confidentially. Queer little men, not half so big as himself, hunched their knees upon the arm of the rocker and swayed and sang to him. And often, from out the shadowy corners, small brown bears turned somersaults and tumbled on the floor. When he would be grown-up and as tall as the window he was going away from this room—far away to places where such things happened in the daytime; where enormous animals were allowed to come and go as they liked, without waiting for people to be out of the way.

He sat up suddenly—so suddenly that the rabbits fell off the bed and the bears scuttled back into the dark corners. The window! For the first time in all his two years something was happening outside the window.

At first it was a light—trembling—gone. Then he heard it, the creature, like a great cat purring.

The room was black again. All his friendly visitors were gone. The house was still enough for pins. He slipped out of bed and ran towards the window. Halfway it caught him; this time a blazing light that filled the air with gold. It lit the walls and corners of the room. It fell upon his face like a smile. Then again, the creature growled. He looked up at the window. He could see nothing. But now he could hear. Footsteps—footsteps—running as lightly as his dreams—thousands of them upon the streets outside. Once more the light—he threw his arms up and tried to hold it. Blackness. And once more, louder, the great growl.

He didn't have to wait to grow up. The beauty—the marvellous animal—had come to the window, was waiting for him in the street below. He ran to meet it—down the steps—the front door was unlocked—he plunged into the street and all but fell. For the noise of footsteps was all about him—jostling, pushing treading on him. And the little running creatures were made of water—big drops bounding like kittens—little spears that struck the pavement like needles. They pushed closely—hugging him, licking his face.

And there in front of him he beheld the wonder. He had seen them in glass cases somewhere, snakes with colored stripes and glistening bodies. But not like this one! This one was all of gold—this one lived in the sky, and shot and twisted down the black hill of heaven like a streak of fire. Trying to reach the street, trying to find him. And now the tremendous growl!

He ran and jumped and shouted to it. If he could once reach it, if he could hold it with his hand and watch it whipping the black sky and draw it safely down into the street! He ran and ran. Each time the golden creature darted down the sky, he held his hand out. Till he lost his breath.

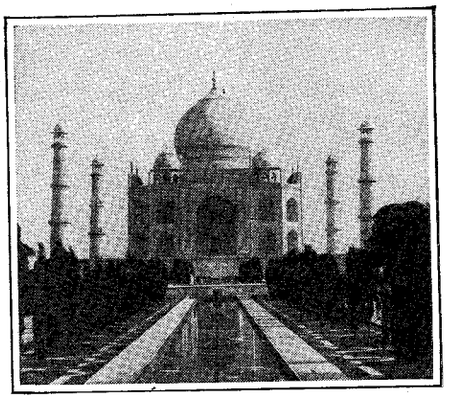
And then he saw that he was not alone. In a shadowy doorway stood a big one. Great legs—great shoulders—and wearing a hat. He too was staring through the running water at the sky. He wore brass buttons down the front of him and was so tall that he could easily catch the creature in his hand.

The man in the doorway stared suddenly downwards. "Who are you? What are you doing here?" ejaculated the big one.

The baby smiled and pointed to the sky. And as he pointed his face was lit up by the creature he pointed at. Blazing and shining gold it leapt toward them. Almost it fell down at their feet. Now they would have it—it would be theirs!

But at the terrible growl that followed, the big one only pulled his coat more tightly about him, and stooped down.

"Now, don't be scared, kid," said the big one. "I won't let the lightning hurt ye any. You can come along home with me. And thank your stars," he muttered, "the police is out at one in the morning."



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With Our Readers

Congratulations

Editor of The Outlook and Independent:
DEAR SIR:

Please accept my thanks for the article "In Praise of Hypocrisy" by Harvey O'Higgins. It contains a fresh and vivid picture of Franklin, also apparently an unadulterated one. It also shows very well how we are still struggling up from Puritanism and its long record of repression, blindness, and cruelty.

I am also enjoying Herbert Asbury's biography of Carry Nation and all the departments of the magazine and shall expect to continue to be pleased with its thoroughly modern outlook.

Very sincerely yours,
WILLARD MCPHERSON.

Appreciation

Richmond, California
Editor of The Outlook and Independent,
DEAR SIR:

I was rather amused at a recent letter of one of your subscribers who has stated his intentions of not renewing his subscription to your magazine. Evidently he is a self-centered soul who wishes to read and digest only that type of material which is in collaboration with his own thoughts and ideals.

Now, I will admit that the article by the son of the Episcopal clergyman was very poor, but, instead of rising up in fury against the author and the magazine, I accepted it as the argument of hundreds of people today. The article changed my attitude toward the church somewhat, not to leave it, but to concentrate more of my time and effort toward its tremendous task. I have heard the clergyman's son's argument so many times in college that it still rings in my ears!

It is preposterous to say that The Outlook is prejudiced in its presentation of prohibition. It is impartial to both sides as I see it and such articles as the one dealing with the life of Carry Nation should quiet any rumors that The Outlook is spreading propaganda for the wets.

It is my conclusion that your magazine should be congratulated on maintaining such an open policy and that it has not become the organ of a certain set group. It is only by the presentation of all sides of an argument that we can come to an intelligent understanding.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT BURNS.

Editor's Note—In spite of the protests we receive, many of which we have reprinted on this page, it appears that our point of view is understood and liked.

John Barleycorn Again

Chicago, Illinois
To the Editor of The Outlook and Independent

DEAR SIR:

For years I have been an intermittent subscriber to The Outlook, and a few months ago, grown weary of the "wet propaganda," featured in certain Chicago dailies, I again renewed my subscription, for I wanted to read both sides of the liquor question. But alas for my innocent trust. For in the interim, you seem to have allied yourself with the forces of John Barleycorn.

It may interest you to read of a movement, recently started in our great and wicked city, Chicago. In this hope I am sending you a copy of a set of resolutions, passed by the Sunday Evening Forum of St. James Methodist Church, one of the prominent churches of the city. As emphasized in the resolutions, the last election is a speaking testimony of the will of the people—four hundred and forty-four electoral votes for the dry candidate against eighty-seven for the wet one. Figures do not lie. Unfortunately, liars do figure, and it is hardly supposable that "wet propaganda" makes any exception to this.

It is stated by people who should know the facts, that the liquor interests of this country control many periodicals, either by bribery or other means. I do not believe that this is true of The Outlook, but I ask you to be fair and to remember the stock to which you are largely indebted for your outstanding position in the magazine world.

M. ELIZABETH PERLEY

Editor's Note—We are not yet controlled by any "interests."

Brickbats

Longmont, Colorado
To the Editor of The Outlook and Independent

DEAR SIR:

I gladly repeat to you some of my reasons for discontinuing the Outlook:

Your constant harping on one string—viz. prohibition.

Your attitude of anti-Constitution of U. S. A.

Your attitude of anti-administration.

Your intolerance while feigning the greatest tolerance.

Your constant emphasis with least possible data of what you are pleased to call the "failure of prohibition," which only proves true what Irving Fisher says of journalists of your type, and makes us wonder if you can be accurate on any subject touched by your editors.

The general lowering of the tone of The Outlook for the last three years.

All these reasons make me glad to have done with a magazine, which for twenty years I held in high esteem and to which I sent my college students as a source of high-class information, but which now we avoid as a breeder of contempt for the Constitution of the U. S. and as an instrument which teaches that the satisfaction of personal appetite is more to be desired than self-control.

One of Mr. Hoover's sentences contains more manliness, more courage, more inspiration to the noble life than a whole cycle of your editorial remarks.

ANNE GRACE WIRT

Editor's Note—Our impression has always been that the Constitution is greater than the Eighteenth Amendment. There is also the Bill of Rights.

Trade With Russia

Editor of The Outlook and Independent
DEAR SIR:

I am in receipt of your letter of July 3rd, together with the article by Jonathan Mitchell entitled "'Trade With Russia Becomes Respectable."

Yes, trade with Russia becomes respectable! But, in my opinion, the manner in which we are carrying it on is not, after all, very respectable. We are willing through fugitive and exceptional methods to secure all the trade with Russia we can. We are willing to take her tainted dollars in the channels of commerce. But we haven't the courage nor the vision to recognize Russia and to do our part in bringing Russia into the family of nations. I cannot myself understand upon what theory of morals or upon what theory of international decency we boast of trade and boast of commerce with a nation whom we are too good, too pharisaical, to associate with in international affairs. There is something in international affairs besides dollars and cents. There is some duty devolving upon a nation other than that of coining international relations into dollars.

Very respectfully,
W. E. BORAH.

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Marching As to War

(Continued from Page 625)

capital of the state was at last practically free of joints, but there was also great indignation at the failure of the saloon-keepers to obey the Committee's ultimatum to the full. And Carry Nation, already restive under the restraint imposed by her promise to postpone a renewal of her campaign against the barrooms, took advantage of the public exasperation and immediately began preparations for an extensive raid.

By the late evening of February 16, plans for the foray had been completed, and on Sunday the 17, Topeka passed through one of the most turbulent periods in its history. From six o'clock in the morning until dusk, the streets resounded to the thunderous tread of the embattled temperance hosts, the rush and roar of angry mobs, and the clanging gongs of patrol wagons; while the jangle of breaking glass and the thud of axes, hatchets, sledge-hammers and battering rams against doors and interior woodwork scantily indicated the fierceness of the smashing multitude. Carry Nation, her hatchet flashing always in the van of the attack and her voice raised lustily in commands and shouts of encouragement, was arrested four times, and when the day's work had been done she was a prisoner in the county jail, with two warrants sworn out against her.

The gloomy corridors under the east steps of the State Capitol were the designated rendezvous, and before the sun rose over the Kansas plain on the appointed day, men and women were making their way thither from all parts of the city, many singing hymns and praying as they marched through the streets. Carry Nation's chief of staff, the Rev. F. W. Emerson, pastor of the Christian Church, had posted armed guards about the building and grounds, and no one was permitted to enter the lines without displaying a white handkerchief knotted about the throat. So efficient were the sentinels that several saloon sympathizers, though properly dressed, were detected and unceremoniously chased from the vicinity. The muster of the crusaders proceeded with military precision, and presently the halls swarmed with an eager, excited throng conservatively estimated at five hundred persons, of whom some three hundred were men. In accordance with instructions, the latter bore axes, sledge-hammers and crow-bars, while the women carried hatchets. On the lawn before the building lay the artillery—the huge battering-ram constructed by students of Washburn College. Six youths, each armed also with a sharp and shiny hatchet, were ready to send it crashing against the fortresses of the Rum Demon.

Six o'clock had been fixed as the time for the march to begin, but unfortunately Carry Nation overslept, and it was not until an hour later that she appeared in company with Dr. Eva Harding. She wore her usual costume of poke bonnet and black alpaca dress, but the somberness of the ensemble was relieved by a white silk handkerchief looped about her throat, and by the fierce gleam that shone from her eyes. In each hand she carried a bright new hatchet with a red blade and a thin strip of white ribbon dangling from the haft. The restless crusaders greeted her with a great roar of welcome, but she stilled the clamor with an imperious gesture, and after a moment of effective silence, cried:

"Get in line there, men and women! We must be about the Lord's work now!"

Brandishing their weapons and shouting enthusiastically, they jostled each other until all had found their places. Then Carry Nation called:

"All ready? Then follow me!" Her voice rose triumphantly. "Onward for Jesus!"

She strode vigorously across the lawn, her hatchets held high above her head and arranged one over the other to form a rude cross. Close at her heels followed Dr. Harding, similarly armed; the half dozen college boys dragging the battering ram and shouting "Rah! Rah! Rah! Carry Nation Rah! Rah! Rah!"; and finally successive companies of smashers under the command of the Rev. Mr. Emerson, C. R. McDowell, Miss Madeline Southard, Mrs. Rose Crist, and other capable captains. They poured tumultously from the corridors into the misty light of early morning, and as they tramped behind their leader a mighty volume of song swept upward from five hundred throats:

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war;
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

The crusaders moved out of the rendezvous marching two abreast, but those in the rear ranks eagerly pressed forward, and when the column turned into Kansas Avenue it deployed without command into a semblance of company front, filling the wide thoroughfare from curb to curb. The singing had now ceased, and for a few moments there were no sounds save the shuffling of many feet, the low hum of conversation, and an occasional pious ejaculation. Then Carry Nation set up a shout of "Smash! Smash!" and presently the mass was advancing triumphantly to the cadenced cry of:

"Smash! Smash! For Jesus's sake, smash!"

Since Carry Nation never made any secret of her plans, Sheriff Cook and Chief of Police Stahl had known of the impending raid, and had stationed a large posse of special deputy sheriffs and almost the entire police force in Kansas Avenue, with instructions to halt and disperse the raiders with a minimum of force. But they were scattered along several blocks, and so were compelled to meet the temperance army in open instead of massed formation. Isolated from each other by the steady forward sweep of the mob, and prevented by their orders from effectively using revolvers and clubs, they were soon overwhelmed and engulfed by a heaving sea of white handkerchiefs. No force then remained to stop Carry Nation and her cohorts, and they swept tumultuously down the street, while trolley cars rattled out of the danger zone, vehicles and pedestrians hurriedly turned into side streets, and doors and shutters banged as owners of restaurants and other places wherein liquor had been sold prepared to resist attack. For the moment, however, Carry Nation had no intention of invading joints in Kansas Avenue; she was determined to lay waste Edward Murphy's Unique Restaurant in East Sixth Street, and avenge the defeat inflicted upon her by Murphy's guards on February 4. Four policemen guarded the barred and padlocked door when the crusaders swarmed before it, and the smashers hesitated to attack the row of menacing clubs. But Carry Nation was undaunted. She sprang forward, sent a hatchet hurtling through a window, and cried:

"Don't pay any attention to them! Smash! Smash!"

She struck viciously at the nearest policeman, and the crowd surged about the officers and pushed them aside. Cheering madly, the college boys rushed forward with their battering ram, and soon broke the glass in the front of the building. A score of men cut away the doors and window frames with axes, and, shrieking frantically, the crusaders followed Carry Nation into the restaurant, scrambling over the sills and pouring through the doorways; while the whole structure shook under the impact of the battering ram as the students attacked the walls. Once inside, the mob halted to permit Carry Nation to strike the first blow, and with a shout of triumph she demolished a valuable mirror with her remaining hatchet. Her followers then

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rushed about overturning furniture, hacking chairs and tables, cutting holes in the walls and floor, and shattering crockery and glassware. But Carry Nation took no further part in the destruction, for scarcely had the mirror fallen before her strokes than two policemen who had wriggled through the throng seized her and hustled her outside, although they were severely cuffed and pummelled before they reached the street. There other officers came to their aid, and, kicking and fighting, she was hurried away, screaming as she went:

"Smash! Smash! Don't stop while I'm gone!"

She was released on her own recognizance at Police Headquarters, and immediately returned to East Sixth Street, where she found the smashers milling before the restaurant, the interior of which was piled high with wreckage. Bereft of her leadership, they were uncertain what to do next. The Washburn College students, however, were in no such dilemma; they continued to swing their battering-ram against the building, but with scant success, for their excitement was so great that they failed to co-ordinate their efforts, and seldom struck twice in the same place. The crusaders yelled wildly when Carry Nation appeared, and quickly surveying the result of their fury, she cried:

"Praise God! Another joint gone!"

She snatched two hatchets from the hands of a women near her, brandished them above her head, and shouted:

"Follow me! I know another place!"

With her victorious legions swarming behind her, so excited that all thought of orderly movement had been forgotten, she marched up East Sixth Street, loudly singing a hymn. The police and deputy sheriffs had combined forces and hovered on the flanks of the throng, but were unable to check its mad progress. Indeed, they were kept busy preventing an attack upon the crusaders by another and an even larger crowd. For once more Topeka was in an uproar; hundreds of citizens, attracted by the cries of the smashers and the crashing sounds of demolition, had flocked to the vicinity of the Unique Restaurant, and more than a hundred saloon sympathizers, who appeared to be well organized, gathered in a compact body and shouted threats and curses at Carry Nation and her followers. Clubs were soon obtained, and scores of men repeatedly attempted to storm the police lines, but were driven back. Several minor rear-guard actions were fought as the temperance forces streamed through the street, but serious trouble was averted, and at length Carry Nation reached her objective—a livery stable opposite the Santa Fe Hospital, wherein several hopeful saloon-keepers had stored fine bars and other fixtures. The stable was heavily guarded, but the defenders fled when they saw the size and the obvious ferocity of the mob which confronted them, and the doors and windows were quickly demolished. But actual invasion was delayed by a clash between the Rev. F. W. Emerson and Dr. Eva Harding, who called the minister a liar during an altercation which arose when he tried to calm an extremely excited woman. Mrs. Emerson immediately flew at Dr. Harding, and a fight between the two women was prevented only by the prompt interference of friends. The smashers then set about their work and rushed into the stable, where the bars and fixtures were overturned and damaged beyond repair. Some were so splintered that they were of no further use except as kindling.

A policeman arrested Carry Nation as she strode triumphantly into the street after this exploit, but at Police Headquarters she was again released, and returned to the scene of action in time to lead her warriors against a cold storage plant in Polk Street, owned by Charles and William Moser. This establishment was known to supply ice to the saloon-keepers, and was also believed by Carry Nation to handle whisky and beer in wholesale lots. The mob chopped away doors and windows and invaded the butter and ice-rooms, ruining a considerable quantity of provisions and hacking the woodwork, but failed to find any liquor. Sheriff Cook and Chief Stahl awaited Carry Nation when she left the plant, and arrested her on a warrant sworn out by Edward Murphy. She was driven to Headquarters in a patrol wagon guarded by half a dozen policemen, and when the authorities demanded bail for her release, the bond was signed by Nick Chiles, Negro politician and reputed owner of a saloon. But this required several hours, and by the time she was again on the streets the crusaders had dispersed to attend services at their respective churches, and the city was comparatively quiet, although turbulent crowds continued to roam Kansas Avenue and stand curiously before the places which had been subjected to the fury of the prohibitionists. Late that afternoon a mass meeting was called to plan more raids, and Carry Nation had just launched into a fiery speech when a policeman appeared with a warrant sworn out by the Moser brothers.

"What's the charge?" she demanded.

"Defacing property," said the policeman.

"That's a lie!" she shouted. "I never defaced any property. I destroyed it! You get that warrant fixed or I won't go a step!"

Nevertheless, she did. But when the policeman attempted to take her to Headquarters, a large and threatening crowd gathered, and he was compelled to draw his revolver and threaten to shoot. Nick Chiles again signed the bond, and she said to him:

"You are very kind to me."

Chiles bowed and said that he was glad to be of service.

"When I get time," she continued, "I'll smash your joint for you."

The mass meeting from which Carry Nation had been taken was thrown into a furor of indignation by her arrest, and many urged an expedition to rescue her from prison. Neither measure was attempted, however, and the gathering adjourned after listening to several fiery speeches. Carry Nation was arraigned in the District Court before Judge Hazen on February 18, together with C. R. McDowell, Mrs. Rose Crist and Miss Madeline Southard, against whom warrants had also been issued. Judge Hazen denied Carry Nation's petition for a change of venue, spoke briefly and disparagingly of "this crazy woman and her deluded followers," and directed her to put up a bond of $2,000 to keep the peace.

"I won't do any such thing!" she cried.

"Then I shall remand you to the county jail," said Judge Hazen.

"All right, your dishonor," said Carry Nation. "God will take care of me."

McDowell was released on a peace bond of $1,000, and Mrs. Crist and Miss Southard provided bail of $500 each. Carry Nation persisted in her refusal, and went to prison. She sang and prayed hysterically as she was led through the corridors of the Court House, and when she reached the jail, she insisted upon crossing the threshold on her knees.

(To Be Continued)

Safe Makers and Safe Breakers

(Continued from Page 611)

principle, nitroglycerine, could be easily extracted from the fuller earth and other ingredients with which it was combined in the dynamite stick. It took him a year to discover that the "soup" in the dynamite could crash the improved automatic time-locker. "Michigan Red, the Wild Cat," was the fancy thinker who found that nitroglycerine could be extracted from dynamite. But Nemesis dogged this discovery. Red himself was blown to pieces while trying to master the use of the dangerous "grease." Fifteen or twenty lives were

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lost during the time that they were experimenting with nitroglycerine. Some thieves were killed while working on safes. Some passed on by virtue of a sudden explosion while they were riding on freight trains either to or from a robbery. Some of the more timid "Johnsons" abandoned the use of "soup" after they had seen a few of their old pals go skyward like a rocket.

Two of the pioneers, "Denver Dude" and "Seldom Seen," who had made numerous experiments with "soup" on rocks, concluded that two ounces of nitro would blow open any safe door. They were poor guessers. One night they selected a conveniently located coal-yard office safe in the suburbs of Nashville, Tennessee, upon which to test their theory that two ounces of "soup" was the necessary dose. "Denver Dude" stepped inside the coal-yard office to apply the explosive to the safe. "Seldom Seen" stood guard outside. "The Dude" applied two ounces of "soup" and ignited the fuse. Before he could escape the explosion occurred. It wrecked the building and the safe and killed him instantly. "Seldom Seen" tore down the street and hasn't reappeared since. The experience probably drove him to honest work.

But such fatalities did not deter the more determined Yeag, so he carried on until he became so expert with "grease" that he could shoot open an automatic time-locker without disturbing the sleeping cat on top of it. When the Yeag became expert in the use of nitroglycerine the safe makers realized that they were confronted with the great and most difficult problem of producing a drill-proof and explosive-proof safe and vault. It looked like an insuperable task. The Yeags didn't think it could be done. Their philosophy was:

"What the pete makers put together we will tear asunder."

For ten years or more bank burglars were nightly occurrences. In the interim the safe makers had been experimenting with a number of ideas on burglar-proof safes, none of which proved effective. Relief did not come until Sir Hubert Hadfield, a noted English scientist, announced to the world his discovery of manganese steel, a steel which could be neither drilled nor blasted with explosives. With man-

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ganese steel the safe makers set to work to design a safe which would be a departure from anything that had gone before. Within a short time the screw-door safe appeared on the market. A formidable looking object! Burglar-proof, figuratively speaking, was written all over it. The doors were so artistically machined that if one laid a thin piece of paper on the jams it couldn't be locked. The Yeags, themselves, voted the screw door pete "the works" when they first saw it, but with characteristic bravado they said:

"Wait until we give 'er a few shots of 'soup,' then we'll see if she's burglar-proof."

They soon learned that the screw door "pete" was burglar-proof. It couldn't be drilled. They couldn't get nitroglycerine into it. They couldn't even find space sufficient to confine a half teaspoonful. The screw-door safe created unemployment in the underworld of the safe crackers.

"Well," they said, "if we can't beat these jugs with soup, why we'll have to take a poke at 'em in daylight."

For the first time in his career the Yeag cracksman deserted the "jungles" for the highways of the cities. He entered the more desperate racket of daylight banditry. In support of my contention that the seventy-five-year conflict between the safe makers and safe burglars produced the daylight bandit in 1912, I ask you to note the significant fact that between 1885, when the old bandit clans of the West were practically exterminated, and 1912, when the screw-door safe stopped the night burglaries of banks, the daylight hold-up of a bank was indeed a rare thing. I dare say that not over eight or ten banks had been robbed in daylight between 1885 and 1912. But from 1912 to 1924, 1033 banks were held up in daylight, according to the American Bankers Association records.

The writer knows, both from observation and contact with some of the most notorious criminals in the United States, that newspapers have played a prominent part in the tremendous increase of banditry in this country between 1912 and 1924. When the two hundred or more Yeag cracksmen were thrown out of work because of the invulnerability of the screw-door safe and began to attack banks in daylight, the newspapers featured him and his depredations across the front pages. They recited in detail the stories of his various exploits, how he robbed the bank, what he obtained and the ease with which he made his escape. The gangsters of the cities read these stories and were impressed. House burglars, pickpockets, blackmailers and petty larceny crooks were similarly impressed. All of them immediately recognized that this new racket was "soft." They decided that if the Yeags could do it and get away with it, there was no reason why they couldn't do the same. So all the fancy thinkers who had been taking chances for coffee and doughnut-money polished up their guns and donned their masks and headed for the roads to compete with the Yeags.

Newspapers have always been invaluable assets to criminals. Editors of course will resent and ridicule this statement. But the fact remains that newspapers are the Dunns and Bradstreets of the underworld. On more than one occasion they have, unconsciously, told the criminal where he could obtain a big haul. Read your favorite newspaper carefully for a few days and you'll find head lines reading:

"Yeggs blow safe, escape with $50, overlook $10,000."

What will safe crackers do when they read such news as that? Why bless your heart, they'll file it away for future reference and some future date they'll take a crack at that safe. That's good news for the "petemen." I know what I'm talking about!

Bankers and safe makers predicted the defeat of the Yeag bank robber when the screw-door safe appeared. But these predictions of triumph were premature. The "Johnsons" were down, as the boys say, but they were not yet "out."

In 1913 "Oakland Tommy" discovered a method by which the explosive-proof secret-door safe could be "beaten." I refer to the torch. I do not mean that he invented the torch. The cutting and burning torch was the invention of two men—Fouche, a Frenchman, and Jotram, a Scandanavian. Fouche invented the welding torch based on the idea of burning acetylene in an atmosphere of oxygen, while Jotram invented the process of cutting steel with oxygen. His idea was to heat the metal until it became red with Fouche's torch and then to throw against it a hot spot of oxygen. This is the cutting and burning torch that "Oakland Tommy" stumbled across one night in a mill in Pennsylvania.

On that particular night Tommy was not looking for torches. Indeed he didn't know that there was such a thing on earth. He had never heard of a cutting torch. He and his comrades had long since given up the idea of ever finding a method by which that screw door safe could be "beaten." Tommy's mind was occupied with other matters. In his inside coat pocket there reposed a small bottle of nitroglycerine, a few caps and a couple of fuses. He was on his way to Tyrone, where he intended to blow a "pete" in a general merchandise store when he was put off the blind baggage of a passenger train which he had ridden from East Liberty, Pa. It was very cold this night, so Tommy had to find a nice, warm place in which he could "flop" until morning. Nearby was a mill with its roaring furnaces and cupolas. Tommy headed for the mill. Mill workers invariably are a tender-hearted crowd and a bum can always obtain a "flop" from them, especially if the bum has a union card in his possession. Of course Tommy had a union card—a phony one.

The union mill men received the cracksman with open arms. One of them opened his supper pail and invited Tommy to help himself. Tommy sat down and began to eat. Suddenly he saw a workman with a blazing torch in his hand burning cooled metal and slag out of frozen ladles. He was fascinated. He saw the frozen ladles withering under the flame of the torch. When the supper hour whistle blew, Tommy found the foreman and told him that he wanted a job. The foreman put him in a laboring gang, but Tommy spent most of his time around the torch outfit. Within a few weeks he mastered the use of the torch and went forth to spread the glad news to his brothers "the Johnsons." The explosive-proof screw-door safe succumbed to the torch. In 1913 the Yeags burned open 34 banks. In 1924 they burned open 234 banks.

But the safe makers had not been idle. They had been alive to the menace of the torch long before the Yeags had discovered it and converted it into an instrument of attack. The menace of the torch had been foreseen when Fouche and Jotram introduced it to industry, consequently the safe makers had been at work on torch-resisting materials before "Oakland Tommy" and his associates adopted it to attack the screw door "pete."

After long and patient experimentation, during which many well known metallurgists participated, a secretly compounded copper vault and safe was introduced to the banking world which is torch proof. Once again, there is unemployment in the underworld of the Yeag. Approximately four hundred of them are engaged at the present time on little safe jobs in stores, railroad stations, express offices and so on. And there, for the moment, let us leave them; not, however, with any assurance that they will stay there.

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